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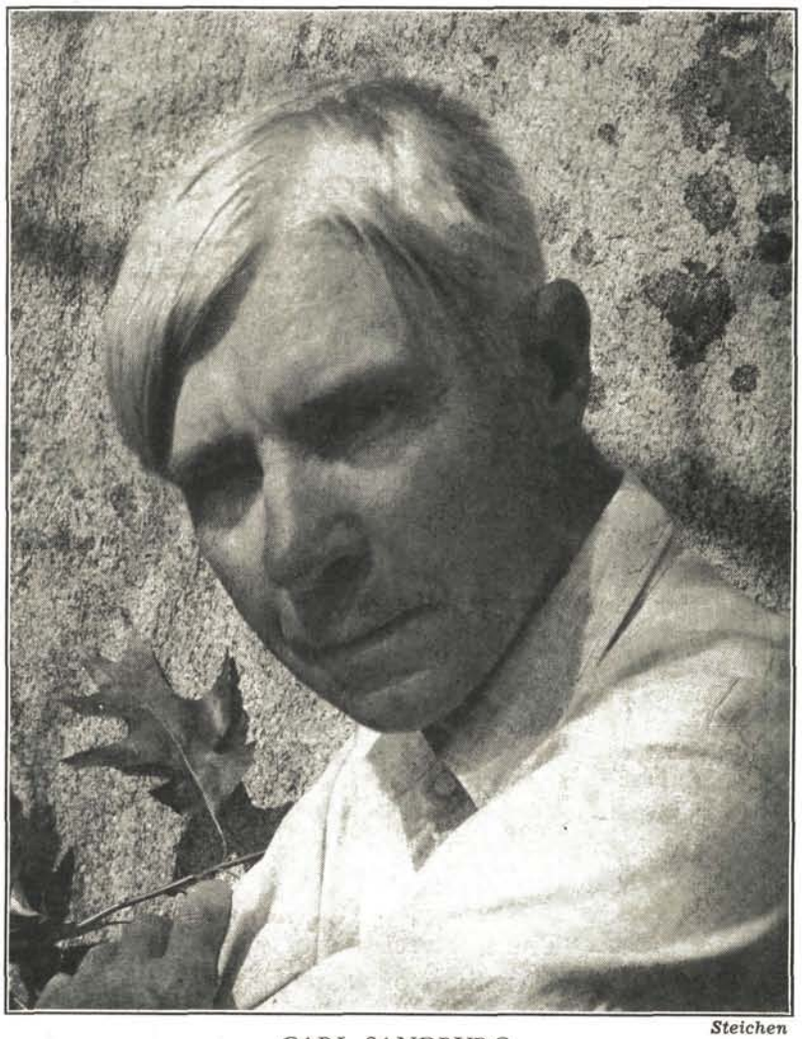

Steichen

CARL SANDBURG

"He sees the American people as 'wanters' and 'hopers.' And Heaven knows he sees them as dumb in every sense. Which is entirely true" . . .

(See page 6)

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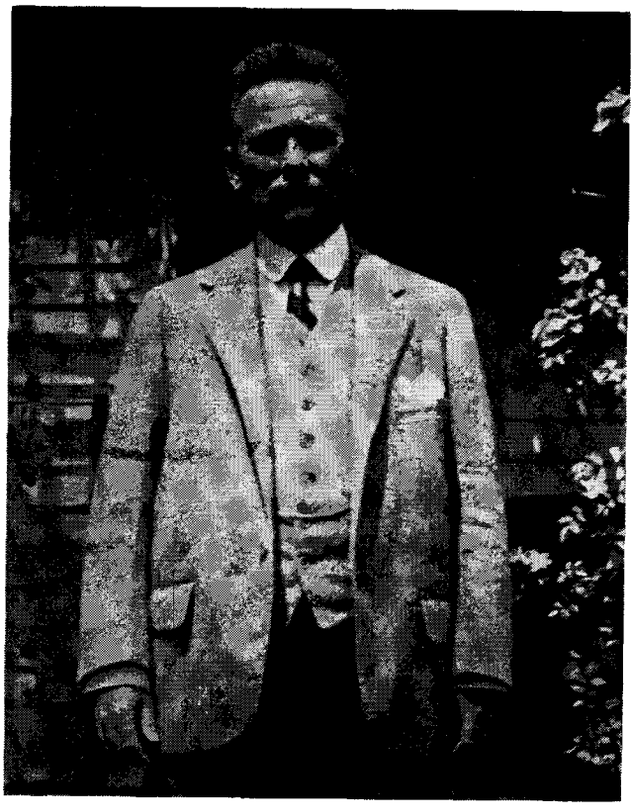
New England Renaissance

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VAN WYCK BROOKS, whose contributions to our literary history are already distinguished, has planned for the culmination of his life's work a series of regional histories of the literary mind in America. Whether this series, when completed, will be one book—a history of American literature—or many separately focussed volumes, may remain in doubt without prejudice to his first rich picture of New England.* For in New England, as the author says in his conclusion, the Spenglerian dictum is abundantly justified. In New England a racial literature began close to the soil, close to experience, full of self-confidence and great expectations. In New England this literature made a whole people articulate, and established a culture-city from which radiations spread far beyond New England because they originated in a renaissance of spiritual, intellectual heat. In New England, finally, this literature became cerebral and self-conscious, and declined at last into Alexandrianism, its strength sucked away by a world-city, New York. And from New England survive chiefly not the products of the culture-city Boston, but those ruder mixtures of plain living and high thinking which were made in the little town of Concord, where local experience felt easily its aspect of eternity.



VAN WYCK BROOKS

Here is a great theme of history—great if there had only been a New England, and no world state of America to be impregnated by the confident adventuring of the New England mind. And surely no book in our historical literature presents a more vivid and better knit reconstruction of a significant past than this "Flowering of New England."

For Mr. Brooks is not writing history in any of its usual techniques. He is dealing with a culture, and never forgets that a culture is a complex, where every item is significant only in its relation to the whole. His chapter headings are often deceptive in this respect, leading the reader to expect essays on Thoreau, Emerson, Holmes, Motley, Margaret Fuller, Longfellow, George Ticknor, whereas everywhere and always, the brilliant characterizations are subordinated to the flow of intellectual history, and for a portrait of your favorite author you must refer to a dozen places in the book. It is this method which enables the writer to take his two students of genius, Ticknor and Everett, in the Faustian beginnings of a Boston which was still as solid as a portrait by Gilbert Stuart—English, Calvinist, self-contained—and use them as clinical thermometers measuring the rise in temperature of the Boston renaissance, and the statistical divergences of intellectual variations of a half century, until the very scales by which they measured no longer fitted the stages of the decline.

Here is Harvard when its religious prepossessions were sublimated into a lust for scholarship. Here is Cambridge with its sloping gardens looking toward the water and Europe, while in its streets the stranger had to know his Latin or go elsewhere for a welcome. Here is Boston where "there were not twenty men who could have written Shakespeare," more passionate for education even, than for wealth. Here was Concord in which in evening parlors one discussed the nature of beauty and reality over apples and water.

Emerson, the great listener, speaks at the right moments to remind these culture builders that free thought is safer than prosperity. Thoreau makes nature become its own Montaigne. Alcott does odd jobs on rustic summerhouses, serenely waiting until his idea of progressive education will capture the world. Margaret Fuller converses of "naw-val" through her long neck, and inoculates a generation with the dynamism of a country whose energy in her becomes purely intellectual. Boys and girls dance in the Yard, thinking Longfellow as they go. Percival wanders in the Connecticut pastures, mad from his endeavors to make poetry come in that stubborn state, and, like so many Yale men, triumphing in science when he failed in spiritual articulation. Lowell is the self-distrustful youth, whose brilliance makes him a snob. Prescott is the happy warrior, all of whose enterprises succeed because he conquers first his own disabilities. Webster is the tragic hero the age demanded. Hawthorne, its psychiatrist—too subjective to cure himself. John Quincy Adams, its diarist, who reveals the solidity upon which alone this airy structure of revolt and imagination could have been erected.

And I am unjust to Mr. Brooks's book if I do not indicate that all this is part of a picture, in which most felicitously the backgrounds of hillside and forest,

* *THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $4.*

Next Week

OUT OF THE NOVEL BY HOLLYWOOD
By GILBERT SELDES

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY
By VICTOR HEISER, M.D.
Reviewed by Theodore Roosevelt

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tea cups and madeira, busy corners in the Athenæum, shore and mountain, church and cracker barrel, are all in perspective and give probability to the whole. And still further unjust, unless it is made clear with what purposeful design the ruling passions of New England, the Boston character, the come-outers' temperament, and all the confidence and expectation of this brain of the vast American body just feeling the illimitable power of its strength, not yet contorted by the growing pains of Civil War —how skilfully this design runs through the whole and is the moral unity of the book.

I shall not attempt further to describe this volume, nor indeed attempt to criticize its judgments, which are so numerous as to ask for a Macaulayan essay to pass them in review. It is the design which I wish to dicuss in this critique. But before beginning, one or two caveats may be noted. Mr. Brooks gives no sources, though his notes are admirable. He is right in saying that specific reference to his voluminous documentation would be pedantic, and that the reader must take his scholarship on trust. Yet one hopes that in succeeding volumes he will at least provide a bibliography. His method of paraphrase, which makes his literary figures speak in their own language, is vivid and satisfactory, but the passages he uses can often be variously interpreted, and if from unpublished manuscripts or little known books, his serious readers will wish to verify before accepting him with the confidence he usually deserves. It would be easy, for example, to rewrite his passages on Thoreau, using the identical books from which he draws, and yet present a very different man. His book is too important not to contain within its covers the means of qualification. And this is doubly important for reasons I shall set forth later.

Again, this is a Harvard book, a Boston book. It does not suffer from the faults which so deeply characterized earlier Harvard studies of American literature, such as Barrett Wendell's, an academic obsession with brahminical ideas. Brooks is well aware of the flow of life outside the colleges and the churches. He is undeceived by the Boston estimates of its own professors, and unimpressed, though often amused, by the solid self-confidence of the Boston character, which was so different from the confidence in the perfectability of these United States which made Concord more American—and more universal—than Beacon Hill. Yet by the inevitable focus of his books upon Boston and upon literature, he does injustice to the rest of New England. It is, after all, a culture he is studying, not masterpieces, or master men. If he had made his book a literary history in the old sense—a record of belles lettres—this would be defensible, for the products of all New England outside of the Boston area in the first half century were negligible in comparison to the world literature that came from there. But he cannot and he does not limit himself to belles lettres. Scholarship is also his theme, and science. Hence in the attempt to depict a culture, he has (like a good dramatist) sacrificed the breadth of circumstance to the exigencies of plot. Those vital struggles between Federalism and its opposite, which were most articulate perhaps in Connecticut, are far more important in the moulding of the national mind than one would ever guess from this book. And the nascence of science, pure and applied, which gets a few pages here with Agassiz as hero, would have given new chapters of vital importance if the author had allowed his imagination a matriculation in early nineteenth century Yale. He has also failed to observe that the American tradition of "a congenital sense of style and form," which Brooks follows Henry Adams in noting, was better preserved in its aspect of form by the orthodox New England outside of Boston, than by the heroes of his culture study—Emerson, Thoreau, and (sometimes, even) Hawthorne.

I doubt whether Mr. Brooks had much choice in the matter, since this fault in perspective and scope is, I think, inevitable granted the nature of his project and the limitations this imposed. For "The Flowering of New England" is, as all good history ought to be, essentially a work of art. Its foundations are fact laboriously assembled, but its structure is imaginative and its design the design of a historical novel rather than of a chronicle or an analysis. This is not only a legitimate way of writing history, it is probably the best way in which this history of a culture could have been written, provided that the purpose of the author was to give his readers, not sources, not even complete studies of his writers and their works, but the values, the qualities, and the significance of a period.

There are certain advantages of this method, some of which I have already touched upon. It is possible to give a Spenglerian unity to the study without departing from the evidence. It is possible to give the reader an imaginative conception of the literary era which, while not the same as that of the contemporaries, has the quality of wholeness which contemporaries feel if they are sensitive at all, and which histories on other plans so often fail to create. One feels after reading Brooks, as if one had lived in Boston or Cambridge (not so well in Concord) and even if that feeling has only a sixty per cent veracity, it is more persuasive to interest and more productive of an intelligent understanding of what the age has left for us, than any amount of pure criticism or factual narrative.

But there are drawbacks to the method also. This book is essentially, as I have said, a highly documented historical novel. It is so highly documented, so packed with the complexity of the facts of the period in synthesis, that reading is often difficult, in spite of the usual felicity of Mr. Brooks's style. Note how frequently he uses the dash-parenthetical sentence, as if his memory can be unburdened only by additions and qualifications thrust into the midst of his statement. It becomes a vice, and hunting for the antecedent too often distracts the reader's interest in the narrative itself. There is some bad writing in this book.

And again, as in the historical novel, there is an inevitable overemphasis, which certainly does not detract from interest, but leaves the imagination a little weary, and sometimes skeptical. Here the model is drama as well as fiction. One gets an impression of tensity of intellectual experience almost inhuman. One feels the same tensity in the descriptive portions of Plato's Dialogues which were not meant as social history. This is a highly selective Boston too "good for human nature's daily food." It is interesting to compare Brooks's Harvard with Thoreau's description. They do not seem the same Harvard—and neither version presumably is right. The energy of the times is

(*Continued on page* 15)

Wild Animal

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

WITH short, high steps, the sly red fox
Trots from his lair where the grey rocks,
Granitic, spar-veined, mica-bright
Are twisted shapes; into the night,
Deep sea-blue velvet, swishing tail
With proud white tip; across a swale
By marshmallows and weeds made rank;
Then down a grooved road; up a bank;
And through a field where meadowsweet
And meadowgrass beneath his feet
Are like a texture woven close,
And soft and fragrant as wild rose,
As he seeks for a chickenyard
That he can plunder. I look hard,
And study him. He seems so free,
And so alert. He seems to me
So poised, so confident and sure
With legs like springs that can endure
Hours of running. He seems so bold
As he trots sharply through the wold
That it is hard for me, although
I grant it to be true, to know
That every time he lifts his head
And sniffs the air, it is in dread;
That every time he cocks an ear
Like a wise dog, it is in fear;
That danger crouches in the dark
So close he is afraid to bark.

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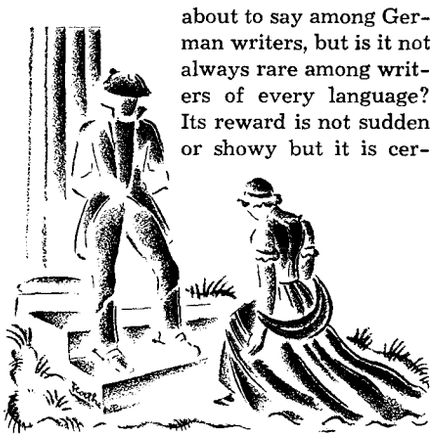
A Glorious Illusion

THE BALLAD OF THE HUNDRED DAYS. By Joseph Roth. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

A NEW book by Joseph Roth is an event. This Austrian belongs to small company of genuine artists; in his forty-second year he is already one of the notable writers of German prose, perhaps the most notable of his generation. "Flight without End," "Job," "Tarabas," "Radetzky March," each has borne, even in translation, the unmistakable stamp of the craftsman, of effort for a perfection which few novelists seek and fewer still approach. Roth's gift is for simple, deceptively casual statement, for sharp, precise observation, for the one significant detail, so inevitably placed that it never startles or obtrudes, for story that flows naturally, like a brook finding its way among stones, and yet is so cunningly articulated that not until the last page is turned is it seen that every incident is essential, each in its proper place and fulfilling its destined function like the bones and muscles of a well-knit, living body. A great deal must be sacrificed for such exquisite economy. There can be no cloudy rhetoric covering up botched or scamped work, no dazzling set pieces, no auctorial intrusion. The eye must be single, the soul humble, the hand ruthless. A self discipline rigorous enough to achieve such sacrifices is rare—I was about to say among German writers, but is it not always rare among writers of every language? Its reward is not sudden or showy but it is certain: the gratitude and appreciation of a growing circle of readers.



COVER DESIGN FOR "THE BALLAD OF THE HUNDRED DAYS"

This, the latest, is perhaps, Roth's most nearly perfect book. Its subject permits a narrowing of the focus, to match the characteristic concentration of mood; its art seems defter, surer, more deeply suggestive. A perspective in time has tempered without weakening the intensity of the treatment, and the theme exactly suits Roth's peculiar powers.

The English title reveals the artist's method. He retells the fall of Napoleon as if he were expanding in prose a ballad of Beranger's. This is another legend of the people, awkwardly wistful, profoundly poignant, the simple story of a laundress who worshipped an emperor whose linen she washed, living in his distant glory more completely than in the loves and sorrows of her own full life. And yet the whole story of the Hundred Days is here. If the author has winnowed acres of memoirs, he has not littered his pages with the chaff. He has not needed the details of cabinet intrigues and military manoeuvres, flags and trumpets and battle pictures full of lifeless, accurate detail. Two bits of pageantry and one glimpse of the Old Guard, marching toward death, are all that suggest the glamour of the time, and even these have also a more important purpose. What is significant, Roth says, in the story of the Hundred Days, is the bond of feeling between the Emperor and the people; he tells the love story of the anonymous millions whose devotion made Napoleon possible, as similar devotion has always made possible the crimes and follies of the great.

He needs for this only two characters: the Emperor himself, and the laundress, Angelma Pietri. Whether Roth's Napoleon, a moody invalid, moving like a man in a nightmare under the compulsion of his destiny, swayed by the vertigo of defeat, sustained by the drug of power, is like the real Napoleon there is no way of knowing. History never reveals men so clearly. But he is a satisfying creation, human, solid, credible, almost contemptible, almost tragic. Angelma Pietri is great. A stupid little peasant, feckless, sentimental, redeemed from vulgarity only by a patient submissiveness and a kind of primitive innocence, she grows with the story, dwarfing the emperor, vaster than empires. In her is reflected, not the real Napoleon, but that armed and glorious illusion whose image drew nations to madness and death. She is the incarnation of the people's blind idolatry. She is, finally, the symbol of that talent of ordinary mankind for heroic sacrifice and selfless devotion, in which, though it has been so often baffled and deluded and turned to destruction, must lie, if anywhere, its salvation. Her story and the emperor's move side by side, barely touching, never interpenetrating (since the Emperor Angelma loves is nothing like the real Napoleon) yet as much one piece as the glass of a mirror and its silver backing, a tiny convex mirror holding a great world.

I have been trying to say that this is a beautiful story, a remarkable piece of craftsmanship — and something more. Joseph Roth is not merely a first rate craftsman; he is a poet. And a poet is continually obliged to create anew his vision of the world, to give his unique insight form and life. If the present has ever been real to him, he cannot, if he would, take refuge in the past. For all the creations of any given poet necessarily resemble one another, are parts of one whole. "The Ballad of the Hundred Days" is as contemporary as its author's previous stories of the Russian revolution, or as (what at times it almost seems to be) a story of a German dictatorship.

JOSEPH ROTH

Roth's allegiance is still to humility and the rejection of power, the conclusion of his "Job" and "Tarabas" and of the strange essays in "Anti-Christ." You may not like that conclusion. It draws neither on dialectical materialism, nor on nationalist hysteria, nor on a smug, bourgeois complacence about revolution. It is a highly individual, and, finally, a religious and mystical perception, like the perceptions of many other poets. But it is expressed by an artist, and if the art of fiction means anything to you, you had better read Joseph Roth. Those who have not begun to do so will find "The Ballad of the Hundred Days" a good introduction. The translation is admirable, English prose worthy of the distinction of its original.

Good Adventure

ODYSSEY OF THE ISLANDS. By Carl N. Taylor. New York: Charles A. Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.

WITH neither vainglory nor any ostensible mission Carl Taylor criss-crossed the Philippine archipelago from northern Luzon to the Sulu Sea, seeking adventure for its own sake, and quite incidentally acquiring more knowledge of these wild lands than have most deliberate travelers before him. It is a sort of gruelling pleasure for the arm-chair traveler to follow this unillusioned young man along the jungle trails. His is excellent description that never palls because it is unself-conscious and sincere.

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Memoranda on Americans

THE PEOPLE, YES. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

CARL SANDBURG, still one of our leading poets, is now within two years of sixty, but you'd never know it from the vigor of his verse. Not content with having given us some of the most vital experimentation in poetry of our time, as well as ventures into valuable biography, tales for children, and collections of native American folk-song, he has now cut loose with a long poem about the American people which has everything in it including the kitchen stove.

Payments on the car, the bungalow, the
radio, the electric icebox, accumulated interest on loans for past payments, the writhing point of where
the money will come from,
Crime thrown in their eyes from every
angle, crimes against property and
person, crime in the prints and films,
crime as a lurking shadow ready to
spring into reality, crime as a method
and a technique,
Comedy as an offset to crime, the
laughmakers, the odd numbers in the
news and the movies, original clowns
and imitators, and in the best you
never know what's coming next even
when it's hokum.
And sports, how a muff in the seventh
lost yesterday's game and how now
they're learning to hit Dazzy's fade-
away ball and did you hear how
Foozly plowed through that line for
a touchdown this afternoon?
And daily the death toll of the speed
wagons; a cripple a minute in fenders, wheels, steel and glass splinters;
a stammering witness before a coroner's jury, "It happened so sudden I
don't know what happened."

"The people, yes, the people," it seems to go on indefinitely. But as it goes on it gets deeper. There is a hypnotic cadence to Sandburg's loose-jointed free verse. He likes catalogues of people and things almost as much as Whitman did, but his is a different view. For one thing his tone is not so much exuberant as ominous. He looks at all the crooks and the cheaters and the exploiters and the pursy hypocrites with a flinty eye. He tells 'em—he tells 'em. . . .

He weaves into his verse every old anecdote and adage he has come across—cracker-barrel, horse-swapping, each, any, and every pithy expression. He summarizes well this Alice-in-Wonderland America in which we live.

"I came to a country,"
said a wind-bitten vagabond,
"Where I saw shoemakers barefoot
saying they had too many shoes.
I met carpenters living outdoors
saying they had built too many houses.
Clothing workers I talked with,
bushelmen and armhole-basters,
said their coats were on a ragged edge
because they had made too many coats.
And I talked with farmers, yeomanry,
the backbone of the country,
so they were told,
saying they were in debt and near starvation
because they had gone ahead like always
And raised too much wheat and corn
too many hogs, sheep, cattle.
When I said, 'You live in a strange country,'
they answered slow, like men
who wouldn't waste anything, not even language:
'You ain't far wrong there, young feller.

CARL SANDBURG
From "On Parade," by Eva Herrmann (Coward-McCann)

We're going to do something, we don't know what.'"

He says again, with a swell fixed grin in the corner of his mouth:

The rights of property are guarded
by ten thousand laws and fortresses.
The right of a man to live by his work—
what is this right?
and why does it clamor?
and who can hush it
so it will stay hushed?
and why does it speak
and though put down speak again
with strengths out of the earth?

He sees the American people as "wanters" and hopers." And Heaven knows he sees them as dumb in every sense. Which is entirely true. No people are cheated worse than the American people. None are bigger suckers to stand for what they stand for . . . Sandburg speaks of the greatest showman on earth and of how the people love to be humbugged. He collects sayings of the people, making shrewd capital of their half-wittedness.

"Which way to the post-office, boy?" "I don't know." "You don't know much, do you?" "No, but I ain't lost."

That is an old story, of course, but a characteristically American one. Sandburg has collected hundreds of such stories and sayings. They all add up to America and the American people. Here are the myths of America, such as Paul Bunyan—here are the "drummer's yarns" (of the milder type), here are the characteristically local expressions. Here are old stories out of the daily news. Wisdom, mirth, and myth. Slang—tons of it.

Even,—marvel of marvels!—I find here imbedded my favorite Irish joke of long years' standing:

"Men, will yez fight or will yez run?"
"We will."
"Yez will what?"
"We will not."
"I t'ought yez would."

Yes, that is how the People laugh; and, as Sandburg says, it is also how the people laughed when the radio operator in the North Atlantic on a storm-lashed sinking Scandinavian ship, sent the message:

"This is no night to be out without an umbrella."

But, for all this mélange, the long sprawly poem—and in spite of all the above things in it (which make it somewhat resemble Hungarian goulash!) it *is* a poem on the whole, deepens into some fine sayings toward the end:

The public *has* a mind?
Yes
And men can follow a method
and a calculated procedure
for drugging and debauching it?
Yes.
And the whirlwind comes later?
Yes.
. . . . . .
Is there a time to repeat,
"The living passion of millions can rise
into a whirlwind: the storm once loose
who can ride it? you? or you? or you?
only history, only tomorrow knows
for every revolution breaks
as a child of its own convulsive hour
shooting patterns never told beforehand"?

I should say the main criticism of Sandburg's long effort, interesting as parts of it are, is that it has not enough cohesion. It has not enough structure. And, certainly it does not think through, as does the modern radical economist, the situation in which modern civilization finds itself. Sandburg is too interested in the half-tones of humanity, the highlights of humor, the terse queerness. He is interested in "atmosphere." He has in him the wisdom of an ancient race. And "The People, Yes," is a good book to pick up and read *at*—but an annoying book if you wish it really to *get* anywhere. Where have the People got or where are they getting, he might answer? But today, it seems at least to one reviewer, that they have definitely reached a much clearer idea than ever before of where they are at and how to get that from which they have been disinherited for so long. That new sapience, it seems to me, is what Sandburg fails to show.

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In the Stone Forest

THEY WALK IN THE CITY. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

THIS is far from being Mr. Priestley's most important novel, though it is the novel of a natural-born teller of tales. Insignificant boy and girl in a Yorkshire textile town—the growth of love—the girl's going to London in order to encounter life in fuller measure than her narrow surroundings afford—the boy's pursuit of and search for her—the well-nigh fatal mishaps that befall her and the foreseen end, with the lovers once more together, and about to call in—not a parson, but the police; such is the continuity of a realistic and lively romance which the author calls "a new allegory of simple young people in a complicated old world," and dedicates to H. G. Wells "in ever renewed exasperation and affection," because Wells knew of the inception and original intention of the story.

The implications of the story do not appear to be profound and the allegory is pretty nebulous to this reviewer. The city is compared to a stone forest in which wander two new babes in the woods, and that is about all there is to it, save for the melodramatic complications which give zest to the plot. These reach almost the intensity of that startling American novel of years ago, "My Little Sister." The "babes," to be sure, are entirely modern young people of the exploited class—humdrum save for their romance which is brought to a dramatic conclusion. They are nearly "done in" by that evil that is as old as the world and the force of circumstance. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Priestley writes vividly and his characterizations of minor odd fish in lodging-houses and elsewhere have an entertaining pathos—take Mr. Finland, the drunken ex-schoolmaster, for example, who lived at Mrs. Scrutton's,

J. B. PRIESTLEY

or Mr. Mantoni, the conjuror—even the more evil people, like Mrs. Hubarth, have verisimilitude. Concerning a working-girl's life in London the author appears to know a good deal, and can make his hard-working London as interesting as could Arnold Bennett. Both fascism and communism also have their representatives as minor dei ex machina. It's a most readable story with pace and atmosphere, and Rose and Edward assuredly have their charm. The jacket of the book well indicates its contents, with the fresh young faces of the principals against a darker background of seething city life.

And that is about all that can be said for this novel. To read it is a relaxation, not a stimulus. The more thrilling developments seem concocted, the book to be a job neatly carpentered rather than any organic growth. In spite of the social significance hinted at, the novel really comes under the head of entertainment. A cut above the average in the writing, one can enjoy it at ease beside the evening lamp and then turn easily to books of more importance.

The Play's the Thing

ALL STAR CAST. By Naomi Royde-Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

THIS literary club sandwich is a curious, probably a unique, experiment in form. The author has sliced a short story wide open and wedged the three acts of a play bodily into the midst of it. The technically minded are certain to question that part of the title page which names the result "A Novel." It looks like one; in one way and another it ekes out its 65,000 words; it makes 250 pages of light fiction; certainly it is an evening's brisk entertainment. Whether it actually is a novel is a question answerable only in the negative by those who are ready with neatly ironbound definitions of what the novel may be, and hence may not be.

Miss Royde-Smith's short story concerns a young dramatic critic on the evening of his first major assignment, which is to cover the London opening of a play by a dramatist of established prestige. Before the curtain rises, and then during the intermissions (*Anglice*, intervals), and finally when the last curtain has fallen, he chatters with various more seasoned critics about the playwright, the play, the cast, the acting, the production, the audience, the theater in general. At the end he goes away mentally churning over sentences of the notice which he is to scramble together for the early editions. Incidentally, we make out that this notice is going to incorporate a minimum of his personal excitement. (He has been all but bowled over

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

by the play.) What he will say to the public will be considerably tempered by his paper's editorial expectations, his self-consciousness among fellow critics whom much play-going has made blasé, and his dread of being thought naive or gullible. He approaches his verdict by an involved compound process, not all of it critical or even conscious; and it will be no wonder if his still unwritten column reads a little as if composed by a committee. David Winter exists, of course, merely to supply a framework and a point of view. The play's the thing. Its trick title, "The Ace of Wands," refers to one of a set of fortune-telling cards which presently becomes a clue in the investigation of murder, the moral problem presented by which is solved in the end by a plausible accident.

Readers who undertake to pronounce on the merits of the play will differ among themselves at least as widely as David Winter and his confrères. "The Ace of Wands" will be called, no doubt, everything from an unproduced masterpiece to a typical specimen of the elaborate hokum which the contemporary theater singles out for its most painstaking and costly productive efforts. But the author, unless I flagrantly misconstrue her purpose, has made it unnecessary and even gratuitous to inquire into the merits of the play. For her subject seems to be the whole of what happens in the theatre at the production of any new piece capable of holding the attention of an audience, almost irrespective of whether the piece be a good play, a bad play, or just another play. She is dealing, as I conceive, with that momentary welding of the audience into one composite personality which occurs when the play, the production, and the acting work together. She has punctuated her account of this experience with a goodly number of telling *aperçus* about the theater. Whether she has made out a case for her own apparent conviction that there is something intrinsically grand and rewarding about the experience, however puerile its occasion, is quite another matter.

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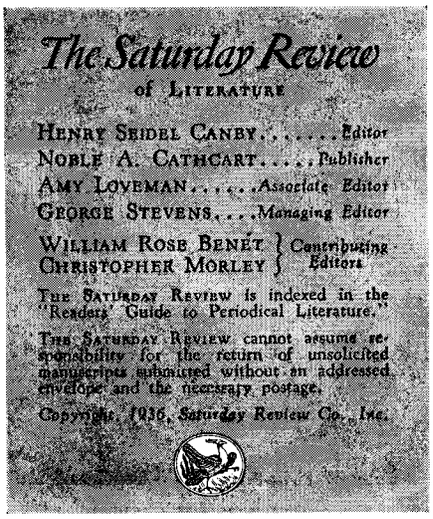
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Reading and Mechanics

A HISTORY of American reading in terms of the development of mechanical invention ought some day to be written. For the steadily evolving paraphernalia of our civilization, railroads, electric lighting, motor cars, radios, motion pictures, all those myriad devices which serve the American in his business and his pleasure, have each in turn had their incidence on his reading. Not only upon the amount of it, but also upon its quality. Indeed, it is still an open question whether the accessibility of books as the result of inventions which have insured mass production and wide distribution has compensated for the regard in which they were held when a library was something only to be acquired with difficulty.

The colonial American, who rose with the dawn to cut the forest or till his subsistence farm, and who lived precariously on the edge of a visitation of pestilence or Indian attack, had scant leisure nor many books to indulge a love of reading. If he had a tradition of culture behind him he had made acquaintance with the classics and the philosophers and with such poetry and fiction as was accounted great literature. With the Bible and religious tracts these constituted his reading, and because his books were comparatively few he read himself into them, not skimming their pages as does his book-belabored brother of the present, but steeping himself in them, distilling from them a precious and stimulating delight which informed his thinking and guided his pen. The later pioneering American found himself in much the same state. His few books, hard to come by and so proportionately cherished, were pondered, debated, and made the very stuff of his thought. If his reading was not broad it was deep and fruitful, and it left a profound impress on the turn of his mind and speech.

As the country grew, however, as the developments in printing made books increasingly cheap and frequent, and the expansion of traffic facilities made them readily accessible, the casual reader speedily came to the fore. The railroad, converting Americans into a nation of travellers, added to his number. The long periods of enforced confinement which railroad travel entailed, frequently through stretches of uninteresting country when a book, a magazine, or a newspaper was the best method of whiling away the hours, made ingrained a habit of reading. Unfortunately the habit was one of spasmodic reading. Since many trips were too brief for the perusal of a book, the magazine tended to usurp its place and following a Gresham's law of letters began to drive out more weighty literature. In America book reading has never kept pace with the growth of literacy or the spread of education. Despite the fact that Americans are steadily reading more and more, it is doubtful, indeed, whether in proportion to the number of readers they are not reading less well now than in the days of a scant literature.

Some few years ago there appeared in *Harper's Magazine* an article by James Truslow Adams in which, discussing the breakdown of family life, he fastened on the bicycle the responsibility for driving the entering wedge into the compactness of the family circle. The wheel, as the parlance of the day called it, broke up, he said, the domestic group which hitherto had been wont to gather about the student lamp to pass the evening hours with book and needle. With its advent, parents and children alike discovered a mode of locomotion which made visiting with the neighbors or excursions to outlying points both convenient and practicable. Forthwith they deserted their homes and took to scurrying about.

That was a beginning. Since the first introduction of the bicycle, invention has followed invention to offer competition to reading, and to exert a pull away from books. The automobile, the radio, the motion picture—their influence in weaning interest from books has been debated a thousand times. And now comes the trailer to draw thousands to a nomadic summer existence which of necessity leaves small margin for consistent reading.

It is, of course, needless to labor the fact that the complexity of present-day civilization, the enormous issues before society, the grandiose and terrible spectacle which the clash of forces presents all over the world has inevitably turned men's interest to the news of the moment. Again, it is the mechanical inventions which, quite apart from the opportunities for instruction or entertainment they afford, have lured men away from books. For when newspaper, radio, and motion picture bombard every hamlet of the country with events of first magnitude, it is small wonder that the man in the street feels his first obligation as well as his greatest inclination to be to keep in touch with the occurences in the world about him, and takes the easiest means of acquiring a background for them. Where once he had to turn to the book for the knowledge against which to project the happenings of his own day, in this era of easy information he can much more quickly get what he desires from the broadcast or the journal. So why spend time on a book, or many books on history, or economics, or science?

And yet one need not be over-optimistic to believe that the future for books is bright. For just as in industry the technological advance which throws out of work large groups of the hitherto employed ultimately takes up some of the slack by creating subsidiary industries and new wants, so it would seem that the very agencies which today offer so robust a rivalry to the attractions of the book must eventually arouse increasing interest in reading. The motorist and the trailer, passing through new sections of country and finding their interest aroused in the history and aspects of some region, the motion picture enthusiast who savors a story in its screen version, the radio listener tuning in now on a disquisition on science, now on a debate on economic policy—all of them constitute a potential reading public. No one as yet has calculated how much the commercial amusements and the vehicles of travel have diverted attention from reading. Probably no one ever will, for to gather statistics of the sort would be a well-nigh impossible task. But the social historian, looking back in the perspective of time on our day, and further carrying his investigations into remoter years, ought to be able to distinguish trends and folkways that if not exact are at least approximate indices to the evolution of literary habits in America. And when he does, his own book will make arresting reading.

Ten Years Ago

Henry Seidel Canby reviewed Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" in *The Saturday Review* of August 21st, 1926. "*There is not much plot,*" Mr. Canby wrote in his review, "*for the author is interested in life not in plot, there is just the river and the folk of its own that it breeds like flora and fauna. Miss Ferber has less to go on than the writers of the 'nineties who had seen for themselves local color at its liveliest. One feels that she has 'got up' the river and wide-open Chicago and even the marvellous New England schoolmarm . . . got them all up with the high competence of her short stories. . . . But the getting up is good.*"

Today, the influence of Miss Ferber's novel is to be felt throughout the entire country. "Show Boat" has been produced as a light opera, has formed the basis for at least two motion pictures, has inspired radio programs, and supplied the setting for countless summer night clubs. The Show Boat is no longer a piece of local color. It is a part of American life.

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Letters to the Editor:

Colonies in the Light of Statistics
The Use of "Irregardless"

"A Place in the Sun"

SIR:—I want to thank you for giving so much space in your issue of August 1 to a review of my two new books: "A Place in the Sun" and "The Balance Sheets of Imperialism"—even though I would take strong exception to a good many of the direct statements and the implications in the comments on the books by the reviewer, Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell. I have no desire, however, to use your columns for a controversy with Mr. Buell on these points.

But may I ask the courtesy of a little space to make one remark about Dr. Buell's review, especially since it applies to several other reviews of these books and may help possible readers of the books to understand what to expect?

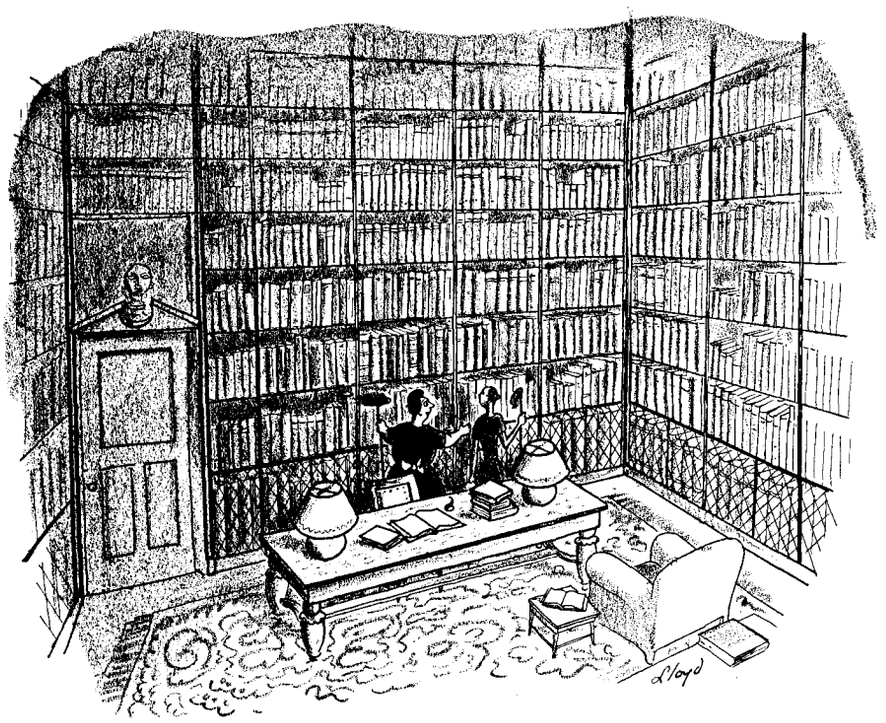
Mr. Buell apparently assumed that I tried to cover the whole question of colonies. I very definitely did not attempt this enormous task, as I stated specifically in several connections in the books themselves. What I did do was to analyze the actual statistical record bearing on the three main arguments which have been advanced for taking and keeping colonies. In "A Place in the Sun" I added a brief historical review of Western expansion. In "The Balance Sheets of Imperialism" I gave a considerable number of the statistical tables which I had compiled in making this study, together with a list of colonial holdings, a list of treaties bearing on colonies, and a fairly comprehensive bibliography. In both I made a suggestion as to a possible next step.

I specifically stated, however, that I was not attempting to discuss the "prestige" value of colonies, or their "strategic" importance, or any of the other numerous imponderables of the colonial question. These imponderables are important, and a great deal has been said about them in the hundreds of volumes on colonies which have been published in the last half century. But in making the study I found that almost unbelievably little had been done in the way of careful, thorough analysis of the actual statistical records bearing on colonies and their relation to the holding countries. Yet it seemed to me that such an analysis was necessary as a foundation, for we need to know the actual facts about the ponderables if we are to make any real advance in dealing with this difficult problem of colonies.

The books have plenty of faults, as I am well aware. But they do give considerably more of this much-needed specific information than any other published volumes which I have been able to find. And it does seem unfair to criticize them for not discussing points about colonies which the books themselves specifically state are outside the field which is being considered, and to neglect entirely to mention that they do provide a considerable amount of information which is not available in convenient form elsewhere.

GROVER CLARK.

New York City.



"AND WHAT'S MORE HE'S ALLUS TAKIN' BOOKS OUTTA THE POOBLIC LIB'ARY!"

To Err Is Human

SIR:—Letters to editors are generally inexcusable but on the other hand . . . In a review of "The Father of Texas," by E. C. Barker, Mr. Finger says that Moses Austin " . . . went to the wilderness, where San Antonio now stands to found a settlement." This statement is, of course, ridiculous. San Antonio was founded by the Franciscans during the Spanish regime about—without referring to history—1719. Moses did not appear in Texas until the early 1800s. He established his colony on the Gulf Coast 150 to 175 miles from San Antonio near the mouth of the Brazos River. This settlement was, and is still called, Brazoria.

And that isn't all.

In a recent number of the *Review*, Mr. Hervey Allen, in his review of Vincent Sheean's "San Felice," classifies Luisa San Felice as a character of fiction. It happens that Luisa San Felice was as much a character of history as Emma or Lord Nelson. See almost any history of Naples.

BIRDSALL P. BRISCOE.

Houston, Texas.

In Defense of Henty

SIR:—Referring to the letter of Mr. Wilmot E. Ellis in last week's issue, let me protest against his account of Henty. After acknowledging that he has "no personal knowledge of his writings," he goes on to state that Henty (who was G. A. Henty, as all his devotees remember) "specialized in stories of forest and prairie, in which Indians largely figured." There may have been one book on the Indian Wars—I don't remember it. But of all things, that one who was young at the turn of the century should not know that Henty gave us our love of history in his clear and thrilling reconstructions of all periods—more thrilling and less erudite than Scott, and accurate also.

We read him by the dozen and adored him, boys and girls alike—and I hope you may have room to print this protesting tribute from one who grieves that her sons cannot feed on him, but must leap from Sir Walter to "The Boy Allies."

D. M. L.

"Irregardless"

SIR:—"Irregardless" was in use, colloquially, in the southern part of Michigan at least as late as 1915. I heard it used not infrequently, usually in the following construction: He *will* do such and such, irregardless.

RUTH WALKINSHAW.

Chicago, Ill.

He Uses It Too

SIR:—That "irregardless." I use the word as occasion arises—even in friendly correspondence; but then I add, "as the cop on the beat says." And—in very truth—he does say it—in all seriousness, too. 'Twas from him I first heard the word. His speech is continually larded with such misbegotten creations; and they tickle me greatly. It is a fair guess that Ring Lardner picked up the word in some such fashion.

As for me, stolid Britisher that I am, my wonder is that the Hartford "gent" could have missed the fun of it.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

Boston, Mass.

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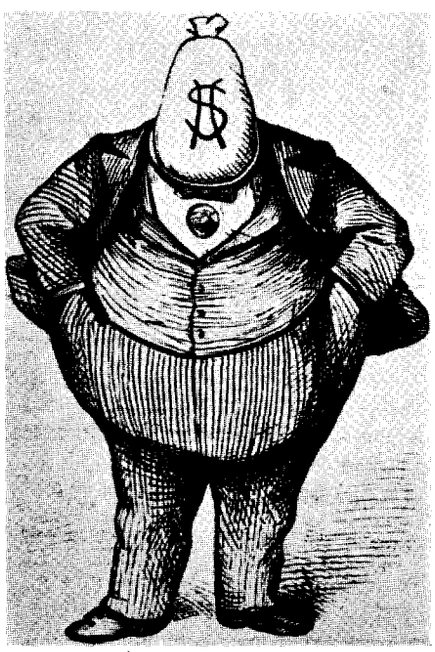
Advice to the Would-Be Grafter

YOU'RE PAYING FOR IT! A Guide to Graft. By Charles Harris Garrigues. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. GARRIGUES, a California reporter who seems to be a disciple of Lincoln Steffens (or perhaps has only encountered the same conditions and drawn the same conclusion) has written a valuable handbook of political biology. Written as advice to the young would-be grafter, its irony eventually becomes monotonous; and it is marred by occasional overstatements and generalizations from Los Angeles which would not apply everywhere. But that it is in the main not only an accurate picture but a sound analysis of at least municipal politics only innocents can doubt, and only politicians could deny.



FROM A CARTOON OF TAMMANY BY NAST

The picture may be taken for granted—we see bits of that in almost every day's papers; but the analysis, though much the same as Steffens's, is worth a summary. There is not only "money graft"; there is also "vote graft"—what the politician does in the interest of individuals or groups, but against the general interest, to obtain or retain office. So "graft in the broadest sense is any act which constitutes the avoidance by a public official of his contract of employment with the public, and the substitution of his own interest in place of the public interest."

Such a definition makes pretty nearly all men in public life grafters at some time or other, and its cure would require such a complete regeneration, not only of officials but of voters, that it might as well be lumped with the other imperfections of human nature that we shall have always with us. Coming down to money graft, it appears that this also is of two kinds—"constructive" graft and "beef-squaring" or "fixing" of some difficulty into which an individual has fallen, anywhere from a traffic-law violation to murder. Since beef-squaring is economically unproductive it is "constructive" graft to which Mr. Garrigues devotes most of his attention; and it is chiefly to this that his opening definition applies—"Graft is a phenomenon that comes into existence whenever the activities of government impinge on the activities of private business."

An instance from the building trade illustrates what might happen, what does happen, in every such field—and why it happens. "In a society designed for rugged individualism, private initiative, open competition, men who would rather go broke than bribe a building inspector go broke—and their places are taken by men who would rather bribe a building inspector than go broke." And the inspector? He might safely refuse a bribe from a small builder; but if he is too fussy about big companies that contribute to the Mayor's campaign fund he is likely to be removed in favor of somebody who will play ball. Woe be unto that man (once in a while) by whom the offence cometh, but it need must be that offences come.

It may not always and inevitably be as bad as that, but that is certainly the natural tendency of a dual system of political government and competitive business; graft is organic, a natural growth; effort is required not to practise it but to resist it—and no wonder that the effort is too much for many a harassed business man who might get by if he could only cut a corner, for many a harassed official who feels that somebody else will do it if he doesn't. Make allowance for overstatement and still Mr. Garrigues is setting for the substantial fact.

How to cure it? Reform campaigns sometimes get rid of a boss, but not of the system; reform administrations are not reëlected because "not providing a place where special privilege can be bought and sold, they are inefficient government." Business men who support reform movements do not want to be deprived of the privilege of buying special privilege themselves, but only to deprive others of it. Again, some overstatement; but essential truth. Mr. Garrigues points out a cure, but without maintaining that it would necessarily be an improvement on the disease. Most of the evils of "vote graft" would be cured if legislators represented not geographic units but economic interests; the problem of reconciling conflicting interests would remain, but it would be easier to know just where you are if Congressman X represented the First National Bank or the Bar Association instead of the Forty-seventh District.

As for money graft, the organic and constructive graft that arises from the struggle of competing business interests for special privileges from the government, that would vanish in a fascist or communist state because there would no longer be the antithesis between government and private business. "This does not mean that government will be improved or that misgovernment will cease"; there can be oppression and "fixing" still, but not graft as the term is ordinarily used. There was graft in ancient Rome but not in ancient Egypt because (most of the time, at least) everything in Egypt belonged to the King. "When the Pharaoh wanted a new palace he sent a horde of slaves out into the brickyards and made them go to work."

Many will feel that even graft is preferable to that. But whether or not you find the cure worse than the disease, it is useful to have the natural growth of "constructive graft" in a capitalist democracy so clearly set forth. Temptation can be removed, but at a terrific price; or we might go on trying to breed a race resistant to temptation, but without much hope of immediate startling results.

Love at First Sight

I TOLD MY LOVE. By M. Escott. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

HERE is a fine and forthright love story, and a welcome reminder of how much vigor there exists in the now rarely used first person narrative. The confession magazines seem to have taken over this method as their very own, but they borrowed it from the best literary sources and their present title to it needs to be challenged. In sure hands the first person narrative runs close to the stream of life, and provides such color and commentary as few methods of story telling afford. M. Escott (the initial is noncommittal but I guess a woman) handles it surely, and gives us a love story that is fresh and highly readable.

The narrator is David Hawkes, a New Zealand farmer, and he tells of his meeting with Anna Trove, their instant recognition of love, their first life together, the weaknesses that separate them and lead at last to a genuinely dramatic climax. The telling is always honest and unaffected. You may read easily through to the end before you stop to think that here, in natural, unforced writing, some of the profound experiences of love have been completely expressed. This easy achievement of subtlety is proof enough, even at this first taste, of the narrative powers of M. Escott.

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The Life of Lilie

THE COUNTESS FROM IOWA. By Countess Nostitz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE only dull spots in this exceedingly lively autobiography, and there aren't many, come when functions attended, dinners given, invited guests, and famous friends clog a few pages. Otherwise the pace is rapid, the mixture of naïveté and sophistication extraordinary, the romantic clichés superabundant, the sense of the melodramatic unfailing, the impression of authenticity profound. If any "ghost" aided in this narrative he must be one of the cleverest in the business. But certain transitions and juxtapositions seem too inspired for that—and I just won't believe it.

What a girl! That is said in no disrespect—you can't help exclaiming it. Beautiful, accomplished, ingenuously emotional, delightfully catty, always intensely excited by life, full of vitality, acknowledging a "temper," outspokenly American, furious at brutality, innately kind—the Countess Nostitz, now, in her Indian summer, Lilie de Fernandez-Azabel, has written an absorbing life-history. She can even be ungrammatical and "get away with it!"

Lilie Bouton was born in Hamburg, Iowa, listened as a child in the Sierras to stories of Bonanza days, knew the Nob Hill of the earlier San Francisco, became "a good-looking young heifer" (the words of her brother), began to enact to herself Shakespearian roles, fought an early-nineties battle with her conservative parents about going on the stage, won it, got to New York and, after weeks of disappointment, met by great good luck one who was both the sister of Ada Rehan and the mother of Arthur Byron; rose rapidly in the New York theatre, knew it in its palmy days, and became famous in the A. M. Palmer stock company, a dramatic ensemble still remembered. Finally a San Francisco critic said of her: "There are five leading women associated with the drama in this country: Virginia Harned, Viola Allen, Mary Hampton, Madeleine Bouton, and Maude Adams." "Madeleine" was the Countess's stage name.

COUNTESS NOSTITZ

MADELEINE BOUTON
as Empress Catherine.

That, of course, is merely the beginning. At a dinner given by Joe Redding of San Francisco she met her fate in Baron Guido von Nimptsch, and as early as Chapter Five, no less a person than the German Kaiser is being huffed by her frank comparison of German women with those in America. Social life in Berlin swallowed her up until, at a ball, she encountered Count Nostitz, military attaché of the Russian Embassy. Soon he became her second husband. The Count was a "Grand Seigneur" and a large landowner in Russia. The rest of her life, and about three-quarters of the book, is concerned with that fateful country. She knew it intimately in its royal heydey prior to the Revolution, and through all the stages of the Revolution. She encountered glory and grime. She well describes the strangeness of the Czarina, well compares to that of Charles the First the helplessness of the Czar, and has little use for the Grand Dukes. The Grand Duke Nicholas and a cousin of her husband's, General Wladimir Bezobrazoff, instigated a plot against her. She speaks feelingly of how General Soukhomlinoff was allowed by the Czar to become the scapegoat of the War Ministry. In a nest of court intrigue she kept her head, showed her claws, and stood staunchly by her husband and friends. Through the bloodshed of the Revolution she exhibited courage. Not unnaturally, owing to her affiliations, her sympathies remained White Russian. But her chronicle is forthright, and that events occurred as she saw them I have no doubt. Profound understanding of the iniquity of the old order she lacked; but her husband was apparently a fine and understanding man in many ways; and, though acquiescent to the conventions of her time and fond of splendor and gaiety, she also followed the dictates of her heart. "Tom" was her great extra-marital romance.

Her plentiful anecdotes are rich in several senses. Some are startling and grim. Sometimes unconscious humor supervenes, but there is always gusto. The appetite for highly-colored love-drama dates from the nineties. It is positively swooning at times! There are a number of "indiscretions," and the account of the agitation of the Hatzfeldt family over young Prince Herman's affair with the stocking-seller is a gorgeous illustration of the absurd conduct (not without its cruelty) of the nobility. The Countess's loss of her knickers on the grand staircase is another gem, embodying a grandly American sample of appreciation of the ridiculous. Nor do many ironies of the lives and loves of those at court escape her. And just as the spoiled little girl crops up suddenly in these reminiscences, you are again given a glimpse of the astute and understanding woman. For the most part you are entirely won over; not, certainly, by the emptiness and pettiness beneath the surface of European court life—the glittering crust of the social volcano—but to a liking for the honest woman herself, honest even when misguided.

One closes this biography with amazement at the society represented, amusement at this thoroughly American beauty precipitated into the midst of it, and no little admiration for certain qualities in her nature. Aristocracy's last gasp—as aristocracy was formerly defined—has here an extraordinary chronicler. One can "scarce forbear to cheer" for the brave and irrepressible Countess from Iowa, despite all the false flummery of her era.

Successful Record-Searching

THE ONLY BEGETTER. By Ulric Nisbet. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

IN this reviewer's opinion Mr. Nisbet's monograph makes no contribution to the subject which has been the immediate aim of his research; that is, the identity of the friend to whom Shakespeare wrote his sonnets. But in following a will-o'-the-whisp, he has been led to solid and valuable, though less spectacular, discoveries; for the William Harbert (cousin of the Earl of Pembroke) whose career is here set down with the aid of important new documents is shown to have been a person of some literary and historic importance, and he emerges as a real character in Mr. Nisbet's pages. For this reason, and as an admirable account of a piece of successful record-searching, the book deserves to be in libraries. It is rather a pity that its title will cause it to be classified with many less fruitful efforts in a librarian's limbo.

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Reflections While Worming

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

MY books are a perpetual nuisance to me. I am speaking, of course, only of their material bodies, which are so many hives for worms. Some years ago, a careless friend borrowed one of my books and returned it with a colony of worms which he did not know existed; nor did I until some months later, when I found them ravaging in every direction. I have since fought with these enemies a never-ending battle on four fronts; but, for all my strategy, for all the lethal weapons I use against them, their sappers and miners retire from one system of defences, only to construct new ones in all but impregnable positions.

BEN JONSON

Here is my old one-volume edition of Ben Jonson, published by George Routledge & Sons, in 1873. How much of it has vanished in a fine dust of paper and binding! Time and again I have routed its enemies, but always they return to this particular attack as though it were a matter of pride with them to prove that they can, ultimately, devour the whole of Ben Jonson. And yet, for all their efforts, he is as full of wit, fancy, whim, dogmatism, and fine common sense, as ever; the worm-tunnels seem merely to act as vents for the release of energy. The very dust that blocks the tunnels, or sifts out of them, is like powdered phosphate, so rich that I prize it more than some volumes, quite intact, on my shelves.

How is it that energy—the force itself, not some faint lingering odor of it—can be kept in storage, so to speak, on a printed page, during the course of generations, centuries, to be released the moment that page is exposed to the scrutiny of a receptive mind? That the miracle is an authentic one, every reader of good books knows; and that trickles, at least, from any great reservoir of energy, can, somehow, be made one's own, to be directed into channels wholly different from those in which it originally flowed. But when one thinks of the matter in a materialistic way, in terms of paper, binding, and printer's ink, the cause for wonder grows.

I read, not long since, a critical study of Jonson in which it was said that all the wisdom contained in his "Discoveries" was second-hand, derived from the Greek and Latin authors Jonson loved so well. But was this a very remarkable discovery on the part of the critic? How much first-hand wisdom remains to be handed down in a world where man has lived so long! Indeed, must not true wisdom be, not even second-hand, but fifth-hand, twentieth-hand? Can it be wisdom until it has been put to the long severe test of human experience? Jonson's title makes it clear that he laid no claim to originality. One discovers what already exists, but when the results are passed through an alert, vigorous mind, we have reason to be grateful.

I sometimes wonder whether wisdom is not less current in our day than it might be. It doesn't seem to have "taken" so well with us as it did with our forefathers, and I more than half suspect that the reason is our neglect of the ancient repositories: we are too prone to leave them to the worms. It may be that modern diseases demand modern remedies, and modern health, modern hygiene, but I believe that the base for both the remedies and the hygiene is to be found in wisdom as ancient as the experience of mankind. In consulting many of our modern sages, one is often puzzled and confused by their findings. They are not content to be discoverers and interpreters, but wish to be creators of wisdom. Not succeeding, they try to persuade us that wisdom and intelligence are the same thing.

Here at hand, unravaged, thus far, by the worms, is a little book by a living English philosopher, which seems to me a case in point. Viewing man's destiny as it appears to him in the light of the revelations of modern science, he concludes as follows:

> Only on the scaffolding of these truths; only on a firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation, henceforth, be safely built.

Is this wisdom? Many, perhaps, would nod their heads in gloomy affirmation. I remember, upon first reading this ultimatum, that I was on the point of nodding, but before the affirmatory gesture was completed, I stiffened my neck and arrested consent midway. "Wait!" I cautioned myself. "This is clearly matter for one of the reading-aloud tests." It may be well to explain that I devised this test to prevent a too-credulous nature from being taken in by every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes along with a new doom or a new salvation. Until I had done so, I spent too much time wallowing in and out of bogs of despair, or in leaping from some new mountain-peak of blessed assurance to another yet higher. Reflection and a return of common sense would convince me that both the sloughs and the mountain-peaks were deceptive, if not actually unreal. Every man best knows the landscape where he dwells. If he must wallow or leap, it should be at his own, not another's instigation.

T. E. LAWRENCE

To proceed, I have found that my method is a sound one. It works. I do not, of course, class philosophers with the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys; nevertheless, there are times when the reading-aloud test must be applied even to the dictums of the eminent. I think it applies here. Let the reader try it for himself. Let him read the above-quoted statement aloud, seriously, even with solemnity. If he can do so, in a mood as serious as his manner, then the slough is real for him and he must wallow. But if he grins, in thought, then he is to be excused from wallowing.

This seems to me an intelligent rather than a wise pronouncement, and I am not sure that it is even the first. If it is, then it is one only temporarily intelligent and may be altered tomorrow. Certainly, no wise man would make so sweeping and final a statement upon such incomplete evidence. I doubt whether truly wise men dogmatize upon matters forever beyond human knowledge. Their minds, however skeptical, are always open ones.

In a volume two shelves distant, I once marked a passage which seems to me nearer to wisdom of the ancient kind. It may be found in T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert." Lawrence was spending an evening with his Arab friends, lounging outside the tents. He had a pair of high-powered binoculars through which one of his companions was, for the first time, examining the stars.

> Nasir rolled over on his back with my glasses and began to study the stars, counting aloud, first one group and then another; crying with surprise at discovering little lights not noticed by his unaided eyes. Auda set us on to talk of telescopes—and great ones. We slipped into talk of suns beyond suns, sizes and distances beyond wit.
>
> "What will happen with all this new knowledge?" asked Mohammed.
>
> "We shall set-to, and many learned and some clever men together will make glasses as much more powerful than ours, as ours than Galileo's; and yet more hundreds of astronomers will distinguish and reckon yet more thousands of now unseen stars, mapping them, and giving each its name. When we see them all there will be no more night in heaven."
>
> "Why are westerners always wanting all?" asked Auda. "Behind our few stars we can see God who is not behind your millions."
>
> "We want the world's end, Auda."
>
> "But that is God's," complained Zaal, half angry. Mohammed would not have his subject turned.
>
> "Are there men on these greater worlds?" he asked.
>
> "God knows!"
>
> "And has each his Prophet, and heaven, and hell?"

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Auda broke in on him. "Lads, we know our districts, our camels, our women. The excess and glory are to God. If the end of wisdom is to add star to star, our foolishness is pleasing." And then he spoke of money and distracted their minds till they all buzzed at once.

Perhaps Auda is right. And if one doesn't believe in God, there would seem to be even less justification for assuming what would be a Divine function, if He existed: setting up the only foundation on which the soul's habitation can, henceforth, be safely built.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE

For all their day-and-night labors of destruction, no worm has yet bored into my copy of "The Ancient Mariner." The reason is plain to be seen: every page is protected by the sacred thumb-and-finger grime of children who have long since grown to manhood and womanhood. I wonder how many aged or aging children have this same edition of "The Ancient Mariner," published by Henry Altemus, of Philadelphia, in 1889, with illustrations by Doré? If canonization of authors and illustrators were customary, surely Saint Gustavus and Saint Samuel would stand high in the calendar for their services to childhood. The one stirred and fed our imaginations before we knew our letters. And when we had learned them —but how could we measure the extent of our debt to the other?

I remember once, years ago, sitting late at night at a table lighted by a green-shaded lamp, with a sheet of paper before me upon which I had written these words:

Watched . . the . . moved . . elfish . . ship . . of . . fell . . beyond . . they . . shadow . . I . . tracks . . and . . water . . hoary . . as . . reared . . light . . flakes . . in . . white . . off . . shining . . snakes.

I wish that I might recover the sanguine temperament of those days without recovering at the same time, the simplicity which led me to suppose that, merely by studying this group of words, arranging them in various combinations, brooding over them singly and collectively, I might arrive at the secret which had led Coleridge, upon one occasion, to arrange them in a sequence beginning,

Beyond the shadow of the ship . . .

I believed, then, or half believed, that magic in poetry could be resolved into its parts, and that shreds and wisps of glory attaching to the fragments would, somehow, give clues as to why they and no others had been chosen to achieve particular effects. I have not abandoned the quest for magic in words. I have, merely, abandoned the study of its anatomy (for it has none) and the search for the laws (for there are none) which govern their perfect association. The older one grows, the more content one is with ignorance in these high matters.

Nevertheless, we do well to reflect upon and discuss them. A discussion while worming must and should be brief; therefore, I am at liberty not to define what I mean by magic in poetry. But if you were to pin me down, to insist upon one of a number of possible definitions, I would say that I find magic whenever perfect expression is given to some thought or concept which merits it. You see the inadequacy of the definition from your point-of-view, and corner me at once by observing that mere statements of fact, such as, "The day's work is ended. I am going home," merit perfect expression and are given it thousands of times each day. But what do definitions matter if only we recognize the thing defined?

As for magic in the high sense, what language could be richer than our own in priceless fragments? Every man has his own collection which he prefers to all others. I shall not, therefore, display mine, but it can do no harm to tell where I keep them:

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court,
. . . . . where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live ensphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air.

"Hot mooton pasty for twoo trarv'lers, at number vaive, in vaive minnits! Dish un up in the tin with the grahvy, zame as I hardered last Tuesday!"

It is John Fry who thus interrupts me, stepping out of this battered, ancient copy of "Lorna Doone" and into the inn at Dulverton, shouting his summons for supper "as loud as if he were calling sheep upon Exmoor." How far these homely voices carry! Many proper ones have been silenced, but still we hear those of the "hinds" and "yokels" as their betters called them. For all the disdain of these latter, it is often they who lie, grammatical and glum, in unvisited graves. The common folk we remember.

As I glance along my worm-ravaged bookshelves, the voices I hear most clearly are those of the humble folk: John Fry, Peggoty, or some wry old servant such as Joseph, in "Wuthering Heights":

"Ech! Ech! Good-for-naught madling! Ye desarve pining fro' this to Churstmas, flinging t' precious gifts o' God under fooit i' yer flaysome rages! But I'm mista'en if ye show yer sperrit lang. Will Hathecliff bide sich bonny ways, think ye? I nobbut wish he may catch ye i' that plisky! I nobbut wish he may!"

No doubt colloquial speech is the more precious to us because of its increasing rarity in our day, but there is more to the matter than this. It is not only the speech that we prize, but the folk who utter it. They may be wry at times, but theirs is a hearty acceptance of life. They love the solid good it contains. Among them are no delicate, depressed, fastidious livers who have lost the capacity for knowing good when it is set before them. Life is as good now as it was in their day. If only we ourselves (with our perverse inclination for wrong turnings, and our yet more perverse and stubborn refusal to acknowledge and correct our mistakes), can, somehow, be prevented from making the conditions of it impossible, we may yet stride in to our dinners with as much zest as John Fry. And, although it be the "zame as we hardered" last Tuesday, appetite will only be whetted by the recollection of how good it was then.

It is with a feeling of hopelessness that I draw from its shelf my old, battle-scarred "Century Dictionary." The worms cause me more grief in this salient than in any other excepting only the wide Ben Jonson front; one would say that they have a particular appetite for words when arranged in alphabetical order. Their tunnels here are numberless and run in every direction. For all my repeated attacks, they soon breed up again to full battalions and carry on as before.

Before . . battalions . . hopeless . . feeling . . run . .
Arranged . . direction . . order . . carry . . grief . .
How strange words look, considered one by one!
How odd they sound! What mystery is chief:
The stars, their light, the space it travels through,
Or human speech? Let him who knows, reply;
And while he ponders, I will stare anew
At other stars within the mind's deep sky.
Consider "wind": after what sounds uncouth
Did "wind" appear, or "rain"? Consider "wide."
What cycles passed without a word for "truth"?
The need discerned, how was it first supplied?
Man a forked radish, impotent, absurd?
The words themselves deny it, word by word.

Matter for awe and wonder do I find
On every tunnelled page: Imagine . . see . .
Music . . laughter . . freshen . . apple . . kind . .
Why are they so? How did they come to be?
What groping, fumbling, never-ending quest
Brought forth, at last, the verbs "to have," "to do"?
"I am"—How was that concept first expressed?
(With fists, perhaps). What genius coined "You!"?
Whence came the prepositions, "to" and "for"?
Who saw the holes where "but" and "if" should stand?
What trials and errors gave us "either —or"?
When were the highways smoothed for speech with "and"?

Answer the worms: "What idle speculation!
Here's dusty "whither" for your delectation."

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Hard Going for the Family

THE HOME IN A CHANGING CULTURE. By Grace Sloan Overton. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1935.

CHANGING VIEWS ON MARRIAGE AND FAMILY (Hindu Youth). By K. T. Merchant. Madras: B. G. Paul & Company. 1935.

THE FAMILY ENCOUNTERS THE DEPRESSION. By Robert Cooley Angell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936.

THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Edward Westermarck. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936.

Reviewed by Ernest R. Groves

THE family is the most stubborn of our social institutions. It naturally faces backward, resisting change. This it does in its sentiments and ideals rather than its practices. The latter are quick to respond to the pressure of existing circumstances and easily become inconsistent with the slower-passing traditions. The American family—in varying degrees, family life everywhere in the pre-depression days—was in this situation. The "oughts" vocally approved clashed with the "wants" socially provoked. Impatience, bewilderment, or panic, according to individual disposition and background, appeared whenever attention turned toward marriage or the home. It was generally agreed that marriage was in more trouble than the family.

"The Home in a Changing Culture" will interest the critical reader merely because it reveals that the disturbing influences of modern life have seeped into the type of family perhaps best protected, leading to the author's attempt, religiously rooted, to reassure the bewildered or despairing members of families.

"Changing Views on Marriage and Family" helps us to glimpse the world-sweep of this breakdown of domestic tradition appearing even in one of the most static, custom-armored of all national groups.

"The Family Encounters the Depression" by the case history method studies the family, already frustrated, as it meets new, unexpected assaults from its exposed economic flank.

"The Future of Marriage in Western Civilization" is a pulse-taking examination by one of our oldest students of the family of the vitality of marriage in the setting of present Western civilization with the prognosis that "while the persistence of marriage is conducive to individual welfare, it is apparently indispensable to the social order."

These books have in common merely the recognition that if the modern family is at present not undermined, it is at least confused. Not much searching is necessary to find what has pushed the family from its support and crushed its complacency. That conglomerate fused together by applied science, which we call modern life, has moved against it with glacier-like persistence. From three directions of concern to the makers and readers of books have come influences that have worn away both domestic routine and tradition. None of our other social disturbances so show up the extent of our present cultural erosion. The changing status of woman, our ever-increasing urban dominance, and an extravertive swing which has already become a folk-way tyranny, have affected both domesticity and literature.

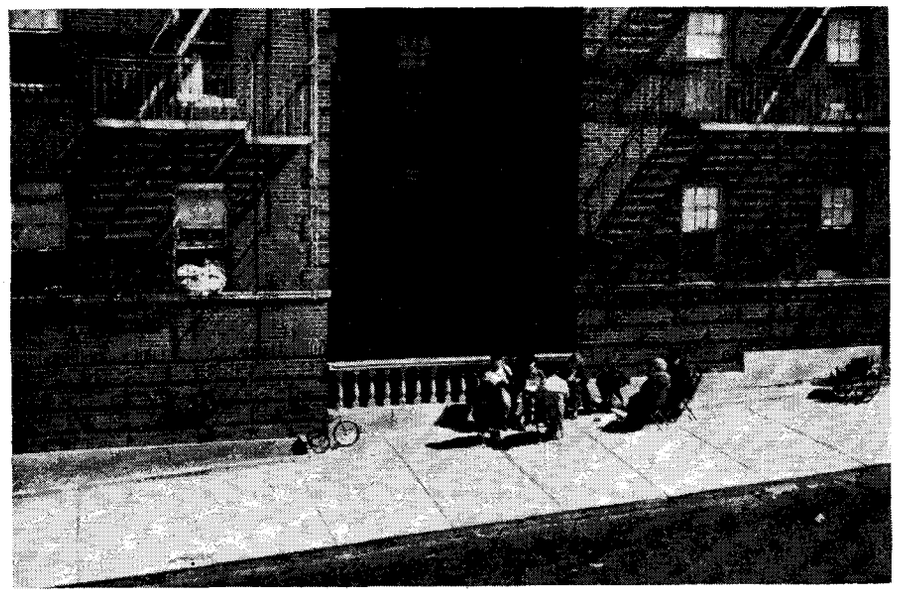
The city, not content with a predominance of numbers, has by its use of the mechanisms of communication annexed the great majority of the geographically-outside people, so far as the three social essentials are concerned—temperament, cravings, and standards. In so volatile and crowed an environment as that of the city proper, it is hard for books to find a place, and for babies, still harder. Domestic experience, shaped by and adjusted to rural conditions, has to fight for a survival in an alien setting. The influences that flow forth from our urbanized sources antagonize in lesser degree everywhere the home of tradition. There is no evidence that urban culture must forever be detrimental to the family, but nothing is clearer than that for the moment it strikes hard against domesticity as it has been fashioned for centuries in the rustic mold.

The machine has proven too much for us, and in nothing is its command over the mental predispositions so obvious as in its upsetting of the balance between introvertive and extravertive experience. As seriously as the people of the Middle Ages were hurt by excessive introversion, we are victims of the opposite exaggeration. Conventional mental life in its dependence upon mechanical contributions is becoming parasitic. As the inner life grows feebler and the need of external satisfactions increases, the hunger for books that are valuable for self-penetration rather than utility lessens.

The same trend appears in domestic experience. Marriage built upon the mutual value of two persons as environments to each other can be well secured when marriage has indispensable economic functions. Since marriage and family under present circumstances are as likely to prove a financial liability as an advantage, the only other extravertive motive left is that of physical sex. As a consequence we have the impulse toward stressing maleness and femaleness just as during the introvertive despotism of the Middle Ages asceticism thrived from the desire to free the self from all external entanglements. The limitations and non-progressive character of sexual fellowship not only present a hazardous motive for marriage but even challenge it as a permanent and exclusive relationship.

Marriage as an institution is not passing, but the great multitude of individual failures in marriage uncover how desperately the domestic satisfactions must struggle to survive in a civilization that so over-stresses out-of-the-self manipulation, stimulation, and possession. Machine culture is not of necessity antagonistic to the family but a machine-dominated culture is, and at present family experience is merely revealing what appears in every other field of human activity, our prostration as we are mastered by what should serve us.

Ernest R. Groves is professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.



BRONX HOME NEWS. By Lewis Jacobs. From "U. S. Camera 1935" (*Morrow*).

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The Eskimos and Their Land

THE ESKIMOS. By Kaj. Birket-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $5.

WITH BOAT, PLANE, AND CAMERA IN GREENLAND. By Ernst Sorge. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

TO students and readers of Arctic literature, the name of Kaj Birket-Smith is already a familiar one. As the young and enthusiastic ethnologist of the famous Knud Rasmussen expedition which journeyed for two years from Thule in West Greenland, across Canadian America to the Bering Sea, he won a place for himself, not only in the affections and confidence of his leader, but in the scientific world as well. His devotion to and understanding of the Eskimos together with his trained and scholarly mind have made him the man best equipped to carry on the work which Rasmussen began.

There is no other term quite so loose, as far as popular understanding goes, as the word "Eskimo." Writers and lecturers on the inhabitants of the Arctic are constantly being questioned and rebuked. "You say the Eskimos never live in snow houses except while travelling. Now, I read a book by So-and-So who is a well known authority and he says the Eskimos use snow houses as permanent winter homes." It is a little difficult to explain, especially to those who persist in calling any region north of the Arctic Circle "the North Pole," that it is just as impossible to say that the Eskimos do this, or the Eskimos believe that, as it is to make the same statement about the white man. What a white man does or believes depends largely on whether he is an Englishman or a Frenchman or a German or an American and so forth. So, too, with the Eskimos. The manners and customs and beliefs of the Eskimos of West Greenland differ from those of South or East Greenland while the natives of Labrador or Baffinland or Alaska and so on are all different again. This is a point which cannot be too greatly stressed if there is to be an intelligent understanding of Arctic literature.

For this reason, Birket-Smith's book is not only extremely valuable but it fills a long felt need. It is greatly to his credit that he has been able to accomplish a work of scientific importance and at the same time present it in a style which is interesting and absorbing to the last page. Not only does he describe in detail the dress and living conditions of the various tribes of Eskimos of which he has made a study but he tells of their habits, customs, beliefs, and legends as well. More important still, he has the courage to speak out against the damage to health and morals which the introduction of "civilization" has caused among these people. Before they had established contact with the white man, they were primitive, self-respecting, ingenious, happy, and contented. Nearly all deaths were violent, the results of hunting accidents, drowning, and occasionally of starvation. Disease was practically unknown. Now, the more "civilized" the Eskimo, the more lazy, dependent, and disease ridden he will be found to be. It is a sad commentary on the influence of the white man and one which few writers have the courage to express.

The charm of Mr. Birket-Smith's book lies in the directness of the author's style, his first hand knowledge of his subject, and his deep and sincere admiration for the people about whom he writes. The volume is illustrated with numerous photographs.

To those who saw the spectacular picture "S O S Iceberg" Dr. Sorge's book will supply an interesting supplement. But to those who did not see the movie, it will prove even more absorbing. Transporting an entire company of spoiled, temperamental movie stars to the shores of Greenland for a summer had numerous drawbacks and irritations but Dr. Sorge passes them over with a light touch. He describes the expedition with humor and understanding. He has a knack of vivid word pictures which makes his scenes live before the eyes of the reader. Although he gives a conscientious description of the work of producing the sound picture, it is easy to read between the lines that his chief and absorbing interest lay in his studies of the great Rink Glacier, one of the most active in existence.

He camped for days beside this glacier, observing its movements and timing its flow. He paddled in a small collapsible boat along its face in order to take soundings because he was not satisfied that his estimate as to the thickness of the glacier was accurate. And for twenty-four hours he maintained a constant vigil at his movie camera, snapping a picture every thirty seconds, so as to be able to present on the film the picture of a vast moving stream. Such a self imposed task certainly denotes devotion to and enthusiasm for one's art! After reading his book, no trans-Atlantic voyager can look at a passing iceberg without new interest and respect.

No description of "With Plane, Boat, and Camera in Greenland" would be complete without mention of what, to this reviewer, was a gem of unconscious humor. Faced with the possibility that polar bears might not be obtainable so far south on the West coast of Greenland, the very efficient movie director brought them with him in cages from the Berlin Zoo, used them in the making of the film and then, unable to coax them back into their cages and fearing that the civilized diet on which they had lived might make their meat poisonous to the Eskimos, had them shot and skinned and the bodies taken out to sea and dropped overboard. Surely a man who left so little to chance, deserved the success which the picture achieved.

In format, Dr. Sorge's book is extremely attractive. The print is excellent and the pictures so beautiful as to be almost breath-taking. I doubt if ever before there have been such dramatic and artistic photographs of icebergs, glaciers, and the wild Arctic scenery as in this volume.

New England Renaissance

(*Continued from page* 4)

rightly designated as the dominant factor, but this energy is here represented by such burning moments of lives themselves exceptional, as to give an impression too strong for the facts. It is true that New England educated America; but one feels on finishing this book, that it should have educated America on a new model which left the rest of the world far behind, and produced a world literature that was not confined to a few essays, a novel or two, and a handful of poems.

And yet no one else is doing, or can do, what Mr. Brooks has done here for New England; what he obviously can do for New York, Philadelphia, and the South. What will happen to the West under his hands is more speculative. This is one of the many ways in which literary scholarship should be made to flower in the re-creation of American history—now seen to be perhaps the most important history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The review I have written here does too little justice to the wide reading and delicate yet powerful perceptions behind this book; or to the immense difficulty of bringing together in one design a complex subject which, like Allston's "Belshazzar's Feast" might well have remained uncompleted for lack of a fusion. I have not taken space to quote—and Brooks is very quotable. I have not indicated his frequent wit, nor that indispensable quality of a historian which he possesses—of rising himself into beauty or eloquence when his subject requires it in order to be understood of the imagination. New England may be flood-lit in this narrative, but for no one who reads it can that country ever be, in its past or now, dull and dead. And most of all, his method of an artistic synthesis based upon research, is a challenge to the new race of scholars in American literature, who have too often been content to leave their discoveries as dead as when they disinterred them. If this New England picture is to be challenged it must be by such studies as the recent article by Howard Mumford Jones in *American Literature* where the origins of what we like to call the American mind are given a philosophic analysis that, applied to New England, would give results somewhat different from Mr. Brooks's findings. Yet such a criticism would not impugn the life and verisimilitude of his picture.

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A Borrowed Language

A HISTORY OF FOREIGN WORDS IN ENGLISH. By Mary S. Serjeantson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $6.

Reviewed by J. B. DUDEK

THE scholarly author of this volume—M.A. (Liverpool); D. Phil. (Oxon.); Reader in English Language in the University of London—has assembled, within its 354 pages, including indices, an astonishing catalogue of facts, many of which will doubtless strike the average reader as belonging to the "Believe It or Not" order. Compiling it must have been an appalling job. Just for what kind of public the book is intended is not easy to guess. It supplies a demand for a brief account of words taken into English from other languages, but the expert would say at once that so broad a subject cannot possibly be treated adequately in one book of this size. The non-technical person, on the other hand, stumbling along through page after page of queer words like *agaynes, assald, casering, celmert, cyrtel, dihtan, iurne, lopestre, meyne, plett, radde, segne, seolc, trahtian,* and *wrasse,* will begin to wonder if he is being spoofed. I once heard of an old lady who bought a dictionary and, after reading it from cover to cover, brought it back to the seller with the complaint that there was no plot to the thing. Well, to this book there is a plot, long and involved; but discovering or pursuing it, in a maze of verbal curiosities, dates, and quotations, is sometimes apt to be a little exasperating. Tersely, this is not a book that he who runs can read.

The beginning of the story goes back to before there were Englishmen in England. The reader is led laboriously through the period of Latin borrowings, through that of expansion under Scandinavian and French influences; then through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which brought in words from other European languages, and finally through the sixteenth, when the great influx of new words from such widely separated regions as the Far East and the Americas began, up to modern times. The date of the first recorded appearance of each word in English is meticulously shown, whenever possible, and there are plentiful quotations exemplifying actual use of the individual words. Attention is not limited to foreign words existing in the English of today. If anything, too much is devoted to those that now belong to an English as dead as some of the languages from which they were originally taken. In dealing with the modern period, the author admits that her choice of words to be discussed may seem arbitrary, but explains that she has tried to include (only?) "those which the ordinary English reader is most likely to come across in not too specialized literature."

Consequently, the volume is full of surprises. For example: ask any one the derivation of *intelligentsia,* and the answer, off hand, would probably be that it is from the Latin *intelligere.* Quite so; but, *intelligentsia* itself, according to our present author, got into English in 1920, via Russia!

Except implicitly, there is, in general throughout the book, scarcely enough distinction made between actual loan words and those which, in their ancient or modern English form, are cognates of words extant in other languages. *Abbat* (abbot), *cardinal,* and *cuntesse* (countess), for instance, are set down as definitely borrowed from the French. Since dates are assigned and references given, it is impossible to disagree with the learned author. But, these three words, ultimately Latin—not to dig for deeper roots—have their equivalents in, respectively, the German *Abt* and the Czech *opat,* the German *Kardinal* and the Italian *cardinale,* the Italian *contesse,* and so on. Were they, as a matter of fact, real importations into English from any particular current language at a specifically determinable time, or are they simply, as they exist simultaneously in several languages, attributable to a common source? But, I forget that Doctor Serjeantson writes as a historian rather than as an etymologist. To preclude or answer all such questionings as mine would have taken her too far afield. As it is, she has undertaken to spade quite enough territory.

All in all, Doctor Serjeantson has acquitted herself well of an almost superhuman task and has amassed, *in condenso,* some very valuable and interesting stuff. The reader with the necessary patience to go through this book carefully will be amply repaid for his pains. He will probably, by then, be asking just how much of the English language is really English.

"Walk—Don't Run"

THIS WAY OUT. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $1.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

"IN CASE of Emergency Choose the Nearest Exit and Walk—Don't Run —Directly to It." With regard to the "Emergency," *i.e.,* our present deplorable economic condition, Mr. Fairchild has recently published, under the auspices of the People's League for Economic Security, a "pictorial economic primer" entitled "Rich Man, Poor Man," to which the present timely opuscule is a sequel. "Walk—Don't Run" means that as "the Nearest Exit" peaceful, democratic socialism should be chosen rather than violent, dictatorial communism. Mr. Fairchild's argument is a marvel of lucidity and sweet reasonableness; however it suffers somewhat from the defect of its qualities, namely over-simplification. By the methods proposed in "This Way Out" and on the basis of a four or five-hour work day, five days in the week, the author maintains that every family in the United States "might have an income in goods and services equivalent to a purchasing power of at least five thousand dollars a year." As a beginning to this most desirable consummation he suggests the immediate taking over by the government of all profit-making corporations, compensating present stock owners by certificates. For the first year these certificates would yield their holders the equivalent of the average annual dividends paid on their shares for the preceding ten years; for each succeeding year the amount paid them should be diminished by one-twentieth; at the end of two decades the certificates are to become valueless. Mr. Morgan recently expressed a dolorous fear that the great fortunes of the present day would be wiped out within thirty-five years. In effect what Mr. Fairchild proposes is to reduce the time to twenty years, meanwhile making the process as gradual and painless as possible.

Details and possible difficulties in Mr. Fairchild's plan for compensation, and also his argument that in general profits are impossible under our present eco-

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
PRETTY BOY *William Cunningham* (Vanguard: $2.)	Novel	What Gershwin is to the piano, "Pretty Boy" Paine is to the Tommy-gun. Only the Paine lad's technique is superior. Robbing banks and giving the dough to Oklahoma's poor is the neat angle. Torrid tempo throughout.	Swing Stuff
THE AMERICAN FLAGGS *Kathleen Norris* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Romance	Penelope has worriments and plenty of them. Tricked into marriage to some guy she didn't love a mess of family complications carom in and out her life with a pay-off that is just too, too divine.	For Ladies only
THE GHOST ROAD *George W. Ogden* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	Refusing to pay a five hundred grand debt, Clearwater County becomes a dangerous place for any U. S. official. Then along comes Tom Calvert, bondholder, and what follows is nothin' but rip-roarin' excitement and believe it or not—justice.	Sage Brush

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nomic system, will doubtless receive full discussion in technical economic journals. Similarly political scientists should examine the author's contention that under "a thoroughly communalized economic order"—we could still have "the popular ballot, a two-chambered Congress, a Cabinet, a Supreme Court, a President—in short, all the particularly American forms and instruments of democratic government."

In spite of the defect noted above—or rather because of it—"This Way Out" is admirably adapted for reading by adult education groups of every description. Issued as a pamphlet in a cheap paper edition the Socialist party should find it a tremendously effective campaign document. Incidentally the sixteen full-page cartoons in the style of "Coin's Financial School" which accompany the text are admirably drawn (why is the artist's name omitted?), and add materially to the popular appeal of the book.

Pittsburgh Epic

PITTSBURGH MEMORANDA. By Haniel Long. Writer's Editions, Box 750, Santa Fé, New Mexico. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE difference between the American poet and his cousin, the English poet, is a difference between concentration on form and concentration upon utterance. The things that live in American poetry are, for the most part, examples not of polished form but of intense utterance; and this applies to all American poets from Emerson to Robinson. Perhaps it is because here in this continent the gap between the brute facts of life and the poetic impulse itself lies deeper than elsewhere, that the American poet has so rarely found in himself the ability to construct works of large scope, in which the form is appropriate to the content at every point.

Haniel Long has written, in a form that shifts easily from prose to verse and back again, a work of epic dimensions and has labelled it modestly "Pittsburgh Memoranda." It is a contribution to the poetry of higher social import than, say, the poetry of 1913-1930, which is now being written and which characterizes our time. No one can accuse Mr. Long of living in an ivory tower, and thinking out his thoughts. Nor can any think of him as an escapist from the machine age. His theme is the history of Pittsburgh from the Homestead Strike to the present day.

What one notes about this poem is Mr. Long's great sense of fairness. Though he is obviously opposed to Andrew Carnegie spending abroad the millions that his miserable and dispossessed hirelings amassed for him, he is fair to Carnegie. He also is fair to John Brashear, the maker of telescope lenses in a city without light, to George Westinghouse who played the industrialist's game gracefully while it lasted, and to many more. This fairness may account for a certain lack of emphasis in the poem—a lack further marked by the apparently effortless alternation between poetry and prose. Long attains a certain dignity, but it is the dignity that was attained by the more important poems of Landor before him—it has gravity, but not intense force.

Nevertheless, there are passages here which are as good in their sustained realization of substance as anything in American poetry for the last twenty years. By sticking close to fact, Long obtains—in the Stephen Foster episode, the Mrs. Soffel episode, the episode of the two Pittsburgh boys who went into the World War and did not return—effects of great pathos and sometimes almost unbearable poignancy. Nor is there anything wrong in the form in which he chooses to tell the story. For medium he uses a slow-cadenced, even-tempered prose, interspersed with blank verse comment. It serves excellently its purpose. Now and then the poet's voice is heard admonishing us, to have courage and faith; and to cultivate, not the impulse to outward conquest over nature, but the "all-healing inward." For, as he says:

> Our fathers died victorious over the outward.
> Peace to them. Courage to us,
> Who fight not Indians but insanity.

John Gould Fletcher first made a name in the pre-war revival of poetry.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 125)

MITCHELL—
"GONE WITH THE WIND."

An ageless dignity, a timeless gallantry still clung about them and would cling until they died.—They were a soft-spoken, fierce, timid people who were defeated and would not know defeat, broken yet standing determinedly erect.

A BORZOI BOOK

"The story of the reckless savagery of a beautiful woman and of her hate, which is really love, for the man who wronged her. Powerfully original."
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY *in the Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

Gunnar's Daughter

by SIGRID UNDSET

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By the Author of
KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·N·Y·

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The Bay Colony

THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS-BAY. By Thomas Hutchinson. Edited by Lawrence Shaw Mayo. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. 3 *vols.* $15.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

THE advent of a new and handsome edition of this famous work is an event of importance in American historiography. It is the more welcome since copies of the old editions are now hard to come upon for purchase. The first two volumes of the "History," carrying the narrative from the founding of Massachusetts in 1628 to 1750, were published in Boston and in London in the 1760's, and a second American edition appeared in 1795. The third volume, which closed with Governor Hutchinson's departure for England in 1774, was written while he was in exile from his native province, and was not published until 1828, nearly a half century after his death. Since then no reprint of any of the volumes has been made.

Although Hutchinson himself was too conservative on the current issues of his day to be popular with the rank and file of the people of Massachusetts, his "History" was well received from the outset by the more discerning of his contemporaries, and it has long been regarded as an almost indispensable source of information on the Bay Colony. The painstaking editorial work of Dr. Mayo, which conforms to the most exacting of modern standards, decidedly enhances the usefulness of the book and may well be regarded as definitive.

Volumes I and II of the present edition are based upon the Governor's own copies of the London printing (1765 and 1768). In these he made corrections and inserted additional information, presumably for a later issuance. This material is incorporated and clearly indicated in the new text. The present third volume is reproduced exactly from the original manuscript of Hutchinson's concluding volume, now in the possession of Williams College. As an aid to modern readers the editor has inserted brief biographical notes in instances of lesser persons referred to in the text whose identity Hutchinson did not make known in his own footnotes. Many other useful data have also been introduced which contribute to the illumination of the narrative, and a succinct and well-written memoir is inserted as an introduction to the volumes. Here Dr. Mayo has reviewed the author's long and faithful service as a legislative, judicial and administrative official of Massachusetts and indicated the adverse circumstances under which the "History" was written. Through Hutchinson's experience we are reminded once more that tolerance for the opinions of others was not a conspicuous trait of the populace at the Bay Colony for, like his celebrated ancestor, Anne, he suffered exile for his "uncompromising conservatism" in political matters, just as she did for her "incorrigible liberalism" in religious thought.

A. Howard Meneely is a historian whose interest has been specially focussed on the earlier and Civil War phases of American history.

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Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By DELANCEY FERGUSON

WHAT must be the cheekiest suggestion ever made to a biographer is published for the first time, more than a century after it was written, in the current issue of *Studies in Philology.* In an article on "James Hogg's 'Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott'" Alan Lang Strout prints "a piece of advice" which Hogg wrote to J. G. Lockhart a fortnight after Sir Walter's death. The advice was

> That you will write Sir Walter's life in my name and in my manner. I think it will give you ten times more freedom of expression both as a critic and a friend, and you know you can never speak too kindly of him for me. As I have promised such a thing to the world I really wish you would do it. I am sure it would take, for there is no biographer alive equal to you, but for a son, brother, or husband to write an original and interesting biography is impossible. Therefore be sure to take my name and forthright egotistical style, which you can well do, and I think you will not repent it. It will likewise do me some credit as a biographer, and in fact there is no man can do it but you, not having command of the documents. . . .

Needless to say, Lockhart ignored the suggestion, but Hogg nevertheless cashed in on his friend's repute as a biographer by incorporating parts of Lockhart's grossly inaccurate "Life of Burns" in his own still more inaccurate account of the poet. The latter part of Mr. Strout's article is devoted to the "corrections" made by his American editor in Hogg's "Anecdotes" when they were finally printed in this country after being rejected by a British publisher.

In view of our Editor's remarks about boondoggling in literature, special interest attaches to John Robert Moore's article in a recent issue of *American Literature* on "Poe, Scott, and 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.'" This piece of source hunting justifies itself by proving something about Poe which upsets some pretty theories of his biographers. To one school of contemporary critics, chief among them Mr. Hervey Allen, Poe "is a psychopathic personality, the victim of aberrations of the mind, of diseases and vicious habits of body." Mr. Allen says, for instance, that "in 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' the moral issue is entirely dodged by making the criminal an ape; thus a double horror was invoked without the necessity of blame. . . . No consciousness except the peculiar and abnormal one of Poe could conceive such imagery, the events, or the order in which they occur."

Now comes Mr. Moore, to point out that in Scott's no longer read "Count Robert of Paris" the principal minor figure is the gigantic ape Sylvan, who terrifies the women and entering through a window, strangles the villain Agelastes. Mr. Moore concludes:

> It is clear that Scott's interest lies in providing strange and colorful incidents in a story which hangs heavy on his hands. Poe seizes upon the central mystery of a strange murder without human agency, and he sets himself to the favorite task of ratiocination.
>
> Mr. Hervey Allen's argument collapses when we discover that the really *original* feature of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is *precisely this feature which he subordinates*—the logical and dispassionate analysis of data. As for the orang-outang which enters a window and strangles its victim—a feature which suits Poe's purpose because of the oddity of its circumstances rather than because of its horror—this is borrowed from Sir Walter Scott whom even the most advanced psychoanalyst would hardly consider abnormal.

Mr. Ferguson's surveys of articles in the scholarly reviews are selective rather than comprehensive, centering upon such subjects as are of specifically literary interest.

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The New Books

Drama

MODERN THEATRE PRACTICE. By Rupert C. Heffner, Samuel Selden, and Hinton D. Sellman. Crofts. 1936. $4.

The collaboration of Messrs. Heffner, Selden, and Sellman in writing "Modern Theatre Practice" has resulted in their turning out the best contemporary theatre handbook for non-professionals. Their volume is intended as a guide and text for the Little Theatre and the college course.

The book is divided into three parts dealing with directing, lighting, and scenery, respectively. Each part is written with an authority and knowledge gained from practical experience. The book contains many illustrations, plans, and diagrams, in addition to a glossary of terms, and a long bibliography.

D. O.

Fiction

I'D DO IT AGAIN. By Frank Tilsley. Dodd, Mead. 1936. $2.

A first novel by an English writer, this book has considerable force, freshness and originality. The people in it are not too often dealt with in fiction, and the theme runs directly counter to the usual one for a story of this milieu.

The young man who is the "I" of the tale relates how he embezzled more than a hundred pounds during a year from the firm where he is employed as a minor clerk in an office. He is never caught, nor does he regret his theft—in fact, he concludes, "I'd do it again." And indeed why not? With the extra money, he secures relief from financial worry, holds the love of his wife, increases his self-esteem and well-being, until he is given a better job by his firm and an increase in salary. Apparently there is nothing quite like insuring your business success with a little careful embezzling!

But this young clerk earns only three pounds a week and finds that "on five pounds a week you're alive; and on three pounds a week you're worse than dead." It is a nice problem in relativity, and can be worked out, perhaps—but not in a furnished room with the neighbor's children banging on the floor upstairs, and especially when there is no money left for dinner. This young man chooses to escape frustration at whatever cost, and takes the two pounds a week extra he needs to live decently. "I'd sooner live for a few months at the rate of five pounds a week than for all my life at three pounds a week," he says, somewhat extravagantly.

The author works his mishaps and minor successes in thievery into a nicely-rounded story, full of suspense, which moves logically to its surprising conclusion. It is as psychologically plausible as may be, and altogether convincing in detail, yet we feel that ordinarily a man in his place would be found out, get a term in jail, and end inevitably as a criminal. The story is interesting and compelling, but disregards too wide a margin of probability. Its real value is that it gives a fairly exact picture of an economically pinched individual, with all his susceptibility to a suggestion either of crime or of economic demagogy.

C. S.

THE NEED WE HAVE. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown. 1936. $2.50.

The author of "Soundings" and "Undertow" is an indefatigable miner in the vast mother lode which the late J. Conrad referred to nearly forty years ago as "the official sentimentalism, which, like the poor, we have always with us." The chief identifying mark of the official sentimentalism is the consistent ease with which it makes the characters of fiction behave according to the requirements of a good and soft heart—the author's—rather than according to the dictates of their own human nature or the exigencies of circumstance. No one is likely to suggest at this late date that Major Gibbs's heart is anywhere but in the right place. As soon doubt the heart of Major Bowes.

In "The Need We Have" a bit of well-timed psychoanalysis breaks up one of those poisonous domestic situations which in real life yield to nothing short of death and the grave. The young Irish farmer of the story brings his gentle bride home to the cottage of his widowed mother, a meanly possessive termagant who, from the first moment, hates and badgers the younger woman. But before the tale ends she becomes a regenerated character and one with whom it is henceforth a privilege for any daughter-in-law to live under the same roof. Major Gibbs brings off this and some other charming impossibilities by the convenient technique of permitting only one of his characters to be effectively alive at any one time. Each in turn has his great moment, during which he becomes irresistible and conquering by virtue of traits we have hardly noticed in him before; and when that time comes the other characters suddenly lose all the traits by which we have known them and become simply the puppets of a preconceived purpose. There is nothing new or strange about this procedure: it is another hallmark of the official sentimentalism. What is really striking about "The Need We Have" is Mr. Gibbs's extension in it of psychoanalysis downward to the popular, even the peasant, level.

W. F.

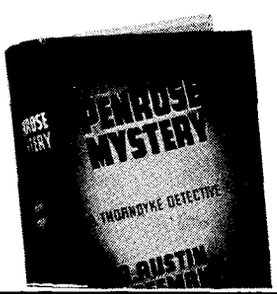
CROWDED HOUSE. By Katharine Ball Ripley. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

Mrs. Ripley, in her novel of Charleston, has sedulously avoided the "atmosphere" that usually pervades stories laid against its background. She is concerned solely with human realities and the only atmosphere she has attempted to create is an inner one. In the "crowded house" of a family who are well-born but very poor, she tries to show a traditional point of view set against the patternlessness of a younger generation. Writing with a faintly acrid pen, in a mood of reaction against all glamor, she has given an honest, realistic picture of a phase of Southern life, and as far as it goes, the book is interesting to read. It is one of those novels, resolutely true to life, that seem to tell only half the story; that have merely a snapshot truth, and fail to give the sense of life that a carefully composed painting conveys. Mrs. Ripley's theme is good enough to demand more deliberate handling; one would like to see her characters face to face, to have a deeper sense of their reality; they seem to be always hurrying and at a little distance from us. They are shrewdly and penetratingly shown, but when all is said and done they are characters ana-

(*Continued on next page*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY says, "When in doubt, stick to Dr. Thorndyke."

The Penrose Mystery



By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

Here are Brodribb, the crinkly-faced Polton, and the indefatigable Thorndyke in a puzzling story of robbery and disappearance. "Should be a sure bet . . ." says P. E. G. Quercus. $2.00

DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

lyzed to a formula rather than sensuous beings.

It is almost always like this in stories of a family. Only a very long, very full book, where character is revealed by incidents that leave a strong impression on the reader, can give more than a glancing impression of so many individuals. Mrs. Ripley, one feels, should have taken more time.

C. C.

THE FEATHERLYS. By Virginia Watson. Dutton. 1936. $2.50.

This does not pretend to be a novel, but calls itself "a Virginia tapestry." It is perhaps more truly a pageant of Virginia shown through one family's history; the characters, moving across the pages for brief instants and then forever lost to view, have the bright-colored, costumed aspect of figures in a pageant. They speak, too, a stilted dialogue laboriously antiquated in style, that is reminiscent of an amateurish effort at "old-fashioned" atmosphere produced for some special patriotic occasion.

The brief pictures of succeeding generations, from the first Ralph in his log cabin on the James, down through the Featherlys of Revolutionary and Civil War days, are vivid enough, but they have the inevitable obviousness of historical tableaux. It is, moreover, difficult to sustain any great interest in a book made up of unrelated incidents strung loosely upon the thread of family succession.

C. C.

STUBBORN ROOTS. By Elma Godchaux. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

The term "white trash" has been much misunderstood. It has been too steadily associated with poverty just as it has been too steadily associated with the South. It would be well for the world and for the South if poverty were its mark, for poverty at least robs of power those who have only the wish to take for themselves in the use of power. But as Marie Elizabeth, who even in Elma Godchaux's powerful Southern novel is a character in no sense unique to the South, indicates, "white trash" can and do rise. Miss Godchaux never uses the term. In her novel of meanness armed with beauty on a Louisiana cane plantation after the Civil War she tells, without preaching, the story of Marie Elizabeth's triumph on Donne. But beyond Marie Elizabeth, beyond the waters of the river which, like her, engulf Anton Schexsnaydre, lies inevitably the story of the triumph in the South of those who regard property as adornment for their sterility and not as the basis of their part in the earth's processes of creation.

Few characters have been drawn in recent fiction whom a reader may hate with more zest than this Marie Elizabeth. Beautifully made, loudly superior, she "never missed a single nigger's stare" and twisted to futility the high creativeness of Schexsnaydre who, loving all the earth, regarded her as the most desirable thing upon it. It gives a reviewer a real, personal pleasure to call her the "white trash" she is, the "white trash" she refuses to escape from being. For as such, despite her carriages and clothes, she stands in the clear antagonism which Miss Godchaux skilfully draws in the post-war South between such rising, domineering folk and the futile alliance of the Southern aristocrat.

Miss Godchaux has written a remarkable novel. Without robbing the plantation of its charm she has escaped all the pitfalls of conventional plantation romance. With equal success she has handled the darker aspects of Southern living without ever bringing to her book such a realism as smells of decay. Indeed, life is the mark of the book, vigorous life of plantation, of people, of horses and dogs, of the growing and the grinding of the cane, and of the eternally threatening river. Skilful artist and seeing Southerner, she has made life in the terms of an intimate knowledge of the cane fields and the river and with a love for them, like that Anton Schexsnaydre had. It is a life which such folk as Marie Elizabeth, when they seize it in triumph, can only destroy.

J. D.

THE TREMBLING OF THE SEA. By Barbara Lucas. Harpers. 1936. $2.

In the beginning, here are serious young English communists. They are thoroughly good and earnest. Their historian is the niece of E. V. Lucas, and she writes very readably, a fault being that she occasionally slips into a stylistic trick of Mr. Hemingway's, which by her is clumsily handled.

As for the young people in the first part of the story, one wishes alternately to slap them on the back and to shake them. They are capable of jolly childish times—the English are really at their best when they are most childish (or, rather, say "childlike")—but they have peculiarly little humor. Or is it just that old business of English and American humor being so different?

It doesn't seem to us that Miss Lucas is very sure of her style here, or, indeed, has much of any. She is, of course, poking a certain amount of sly fun at her protagonists. But she is also a sympathetic writer.

Catholics should like this book for its conclusions—even though it is hardly conventional. Communists will say the girl became hysterical after the death of her lover and followed an ignis fatuus. This reviewer has no axe to grind either way. What he feels is that it is a rather good novel about a rather strange—but certainly attractive—girl. Also it presents certain conflicts in many modern and very earnest young people. It does not, somehow, seem quite mature, though there is no doubt that Miss Lucas has abilities above the ordinary.

W. R. B.

SHELDON'S WAY. By Wynyard Browne. Appleton-Century. 1936. $2.

Mr. Browne has told his story so remarkably well that not until the very end of his novel does one realize how slight a story it is. It has not the inherent motion, the inevitable direction that mark a real story; to bring it to a conclusion Mr. Browne has to wind it up deliberately, but he does so with charming deftness. The book is a study of opposed types, a contrasted picture of hedonist and ascetic. The author has contrived a method of telling his story that combines the vividness of fiction and the reflectiveness of an essay, an extremely entertaining essay, salted with dry observation and an essentially English humor. In its quiet, sober-colored way it is an exceedingly amusing book.

A poet who is not only down-at-the-heel but a rascal and a sponge, a clergyman who is a kind of saint, are made human and each in his own way engaging, and a whole small world of parish intrigue takes sharp and minute shape in these pages, which lead one on and stimulate one's curiosity with a promise of some web to be unravelled or knot to be untied. It is only at the end that one is left with a faint sense of dissatisfaction. Nothing, after all, has been resolved. But it is a book to be read for its particular savor, for its pictures of character, for the admirable deftness of its telling.

C. C.

THE SEA'S A THIEF. By Ronald M. Lockley. Longmans, Green. 1936.

The Irish project film, "Man of Aran," is brought to mind by this British novel whose protagonist is the sea itself. With comparable restraint and power, the same primitive striving of man with the sea is exposed here in another medium. There is, however, one fundamental difference between the two productions. The high moments in both are those wherein the elements are at their wildest; but, whereas in the film the characters remain anonymous, and the scheme is a series of episodes and scenes, the brilliant storm passages of the book are linked by a narrative involving a collection of characters whose natures and acts vitally affect the theme.

Antoine Long and Holy Smy, Polly the Top and Morse John, Me Darlint, the donkey, and many others enjoying

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Compiled by George E. Dunn

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH. By Eugene Wingfield-Stratford. *Morrow.*

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. *Viking.*

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY. By Hans Zinsses. *Little, Brown.*

Literature on Connecticut

"We have a little cottage," writes H. T. G. of Brooklyn, N. Y., *"in Connecticut, and are desirous of acquiring books, fiction or otherwise, on the state. We have already started with* A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, *Werner's biography of Barnum, Phil Stong's recent novel about Connecticut week-enders, and the more recent and delightful* UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS, *by Lillian Grebenc."*

THE most conspicuous novel of the last few years which took Connecticut as its background is John Gould Cozzens's THE LAST ADAM (Harcourt, Brace), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection which met with wide general favor. This is a portrayal of small town life, pungent and outspoken, introducing local personalities of varied type, and salty with the speech and manners of the region it depicts. Another Connecticut tale of fairly recent grist is Edna Ferber's AMERICAN BEAUTY (Doubleday, Doran). Laid in the tobacco-growing section of the state, the story swings back and forth between the Polish population and the wealthy summer residents. The book is not by any means one of Miss Ferber's best; indeed, it has the trail of the big circulation woman's magazine all over it with all that means of stereotyped love story and elaborate furbishings. It is some years now since Bliss Perry published several novels depicting life in industrial Connecticut focussed about class animosities and prejudices, and all of them, THE BROUGHTON HOUSE, SALEM KITTREDGE, and THE PLATED CITY (Scribners) are now out of print. They could, however, quite possibly be found on the shelves of some library either public or private in the vicinity of H. T. G.'s cottage. Another novel, also no longer, I am afraid, generally available is J. G. Holland's THE BAY PATH (Scribners), a quiet but graphic narrative of colonial days in Connecticut. Unlike it, Rose Cooke's historical novel, STEADFAST (Houghton Mifflin), is still, I believe, on the publisher's live list. This is the chronicle of the life and trials of a young minister in the Connecticut valley in the early eighteenth century, told with considerable pictorial detail.

I leave fiction with this superficial list the less uneasily because of my certitude that the moment I print the answer to H. T. G.'s question Connecticut-informed correspondents will rise up on all sides to add to my titles. There's nothing like a place to draw correspondence; local pride and loyalty take to the pen at once, thank goodness, and insure suggestions for inquirers.

But to return to Connecticut. For depiction of the state, and for Connecticut atmosphere, there are Wallace Nutting's CONNECTICUT BEAUTIFUL (Old American Company) and Odell Shepard's HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE (Houghton Mifflin); for literary flavor (which I rather think isn't what H. T. G. is in search of) H. C. Beers's THE CONNECTICUT WITS (Yale University Press), and CONNECTICUT POETS (Harrison), an anthology of eighty-eight contemporary poets; and for antiquarian interest, CONNECTICUT HOUSES, issued gratis through the Connecticut State Library by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America. And now for history. One of the best works is CONNECTICUT, A STUDY OF A COMMONWEALTH DEMOCRACY (Houghton Mifflin), by Alexander Johnston, an authoritative survey which stresses the influence of the state on the rest of the country. Another excellent study is C. M. Adams's CONNECTICUT'S PLACE IN COLONIAL HISTORY (Yale University Press). The Connecticut Historical Society issues all sorts of early historical documents, reports, chronicles of the various governors, legal papers, etc. A REFERENCE LIST ON CONNECTICUT LOCAL HISTORY, by C. A. Flagg and J. T. Jennings's can be procured for fifteen cents from the New York State Library; it ought to contain references to just the type of special material which H. T. G. wishes. The Connecticut Tercentenary celebration, as was to have been expected, brought out a number of works on the state. Professor C. M. Andrews, whose study of colonial America last year won him a Pulitzer prize, is the author of an inexpensive brochure issued by the Yale University Press, entitled THE BEGINNINGS OF CONNECTICUT:—which ought to serve as an excellent brief survey.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DARK OF THE MOON *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Wealthy virago stabbed and dumped over cliff in car with play-boy relative. Peter Clancy, and valet, are active.	Much readable pother about Russian princes, un-appreciated wives, etc., but keen eyes will spot the killer very quickly.	So-so
DR. SCARLETT *Alexander Laing* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Elderly ship doctor follows mad missionary to haunt of half-men, half-beasts, with amazing results.	A quite incredible, but spine-tingling and satisfactorily grewsome narrative of adventure in sub-Himalayan jungles.	Excellent
THE PENROSE MYSTERY *R. Austin Freeman* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Dr. Thorndyke follows trail of eccentric collector from London to Canterbury and digs up interesting remains.	As usual in Freeman stories, the mystery is not too mysterious, but watching Dr. Thorndyke work is fascinating.	Tops
THE TALL MAN *Gavin Douglas* (Putnam: $2.)	Two murders and a long lean stowaway drive choleric skipper Samson almost to apoplexy, until stowaway unravels mystery.	Humor, excitement, intrigue, mystery, bang-up background stuff. All-in-all a first class maritime thriller.	Top notch

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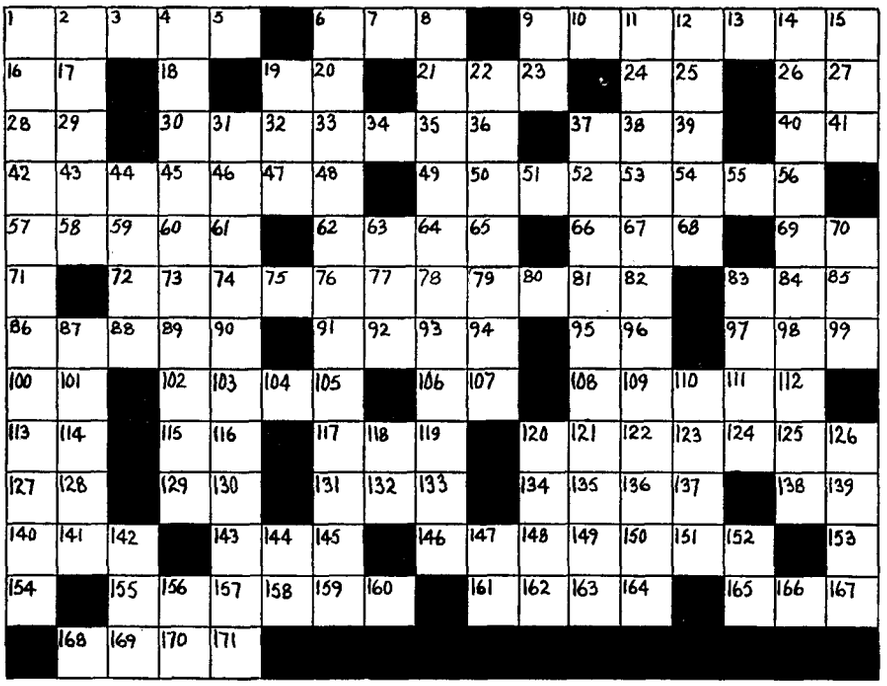
Double-Crostics: No. 126

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Male figure used as a supporting column.

II. Military headgear.

III. Portentous.

IV. Temporary expedient.

V. Without purpose.

VI. Arctic footgear.

VII. Art representation of the Christ child.

VIII. Universal remedy of Paracelsus.

IX. Polish Nobel Prize winner (first name).

X. Character in "Barnaby Rudge" (2 words).

XI. Streamlets.

XII. Discernment.

XIII. Character in "A Christmas Carol."

XIV. Goddess of the Hearth (Gr.).

XV. Appellation of Bildad (Job).

XVI. Rivals.

XVII. Schemed, intrigued.

XVIII. Chances.

XIX. Not ourselves.

XX. Character in a novel by Scott.

XXI. Place of spiritual suffering (Bib.).

XXII. Indisposed to exertion.

XXIII. Snuggled.

XXIV. Designer of the Woolworth Building.

XXV. Gulps (colloq.).

WORDS

37 119 23 19 139 129 67

70 8 22 20 47 6

50 76 103 4 140 11 85

2 135 110 58 167 118 170 130 25

109 122 153 81 94 40 161

171 141 162 165 90 132 54 114

80 24 113 97 63 127 3

66 53 96 143 7

61 115 68 18 89 125 166 116

100 107 74 136 154 59 157 51 48 39 35

156 75 104 87 28

77 64 152 15 36 121 105

45 99 27 117 155 144 72 13

46 71 146 131 52 79

106 147 93 38 31 44 111

65 9 150 159 1 78 60 17

138 55 128 62 29 158

57 149 86 32

10 41 49 26 148 123

95 126 164 145 73

142 88 69 169 56 43 30 14 163 82

21 12 160 83 124

16 84 33 108 92 137 151

5 34 102 91 133 42 168

112 120 98 134 101

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

equally quaint appellations, are engaging and memorable personalities. The locale is a small fishing village in the County of Pembrokeshire, populated by an English speaking race descended from Flemish settlers. Trips in a trawler and their own small fishing boat carry Antoine and Smy and some others into Welsh waters and up the coast of Ireland as far as Donegal and Aran Island. Their romantic and bellicose encounters with Welsh girls and fishermen respectively provide highly entertaining reading. Lively accounts of trawling, beach-combing, wreck looting and, above all, of storms and a thrilling shipwreck rescue, are given in good measure, in language not too nautical for the comfort of the land lubber. Despite a somewhat disconcerting tendency towards an over refinement of speech in the leading characters, "The Sea's A Thief" is a compelling tale, told with honesty and flashes of humor, by a writer whose love and knowledge of his subject have been well served by his skill in presentation.

D. B. L.

Miscellaneous

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE RULE OF LAW. By Alfred Zimmern. Macmillan. 1936. $4.

The appearance at this time of Sir Alfred Zimmern's arresting study of the League of Nations is of more than ordinary importance. Embodying the critical reflections of one of the League's closest students and firmest supporters, it presents in sharp outline a view that strengthens the recent recoil from sanctions and from the general conception of a "strong League."

In 1919, Sir Alfred wrote down the main essentials of his concept of the League in a memorandum, only now published, which became the famous "Cecil draft" of the Covenant. He believed then, as now, that the way to bring a "rule of law" into international relations was not to draft the constitution of a perfect League, but to set up an agency unpretentious and flexible enough to serve as the instrument for the constantly growing coöperation between governments. This meant, as he saw it, adapting the new organization to the domination of world politics by the Great Powers; and his plan would have made the old Concert of Great Powers into the main organ of the League. The plan was not accepted; on the contrary, the League has enabled small countries for the first time to play an active part in international politics. The author is convinced that this has complicated enormously the functioning of the League and has reduced its effectiveness. But he makes little attempt to show how a more complete domination of the League by the Great Powers would help prevent war even if it were politically feasible.

Sir Alfred does not think that international community feeling is strong enough yet to support a reign of law among nations. Doubting the possibility of getting all countries to march abreast in the near future, he would encourage the for-

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mation within the League of voluntary groups of states for any purposes consistent with the Covenant. The League would be kept a flexible instrument of coöperation which, like the British Commonwealth of Nations, would rely mainly on political, non-coercive ways of settling disputes. Sanctions and arbitration would apparently not be abandoned, but one gathers that they would take place at first within limited circles of states. While the author's general conception seems clear, he gives few details for embodying it in actual agreements. In general, his proposals seem intended primarily to help the League survive the present crisis for more effective action later rather than to offer a solution of the crisis itself.

The author's descriptions of the actual working and setting of the League in modern international relations, told from much first-hand experience, constitute perhaps the most valuable feature of the book. What might at first appear to be mere homesickness for the 19th century is rather a stoical recognition that the League's greatest limitations are imposed upon it by stubborn conditions of modern life in general, the sheer size, diversity, delicacy of a system of international relations which must be managed by a slow public mind. As a broad treatment of the history and problems of the League, the book certainly ranks among the very best. P. B. T.

Travel

THIS IS VERMONT. By Walter and Margaret Hard. Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1936. $3.

The Hards have written an indispensable book in a highly irritating style. It is packed with information about the loveliest New England state, the towns, the roads, the back country, the scenery, the history, the industries, the legends, the mores and the folkways. There has never before been a collection of this material in one book, such a book has been greatly needed and desired, and here it is. It will be used. But the ordinarily sagacious Mr. Hard, who can write with the acid tang of a native Vermonter, has been betrayed into a Little Rollo style that takes the reader by the hand, smoothes his curls, and feeds him lollypops. Which is too bad: Rollo and Vermont are immiscible and the attempt to blend them could only be disastrous. If you have anything whatever to do with Vermont you will have to have this book and you will be grateful for it, but you will not read it with pleasure and you will resent its saccharinity on behalf of a state where sweetness is properly confined to the sugar bush.

Suggestions to the Stephen Daye Press. Have Mr. Hard make a collection of his superb Yankee stories. Have him or somebody else make a straightforward guidebook to Vermont, with Rollo locked in the milk room. And have somebody write a short history of the state either by periods or preferably by towns, with a chapter on physiography and another one on the highways. Mr. Crane Brinton would probably be glad to write this last book, or even the last two, and several thousands of Vermonters by adoption would rush to buy them.

B. DV.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

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"DON'T SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

MANUFACTURER OF TAILORED sports frocks, catering to particular clientèle, wants personal representation. Liberal commissions. Box 465-B.

FOR THE WINTER, quiet, comfortable bed sitting-room, with board, $20 per week. Semi-invalid not objected to. Further particulars to Box 153, Digby, Nova Scotia.

FOR WINE-DARK SEA and wine-sparkling air, autumn surf on the cliffs, Indian summer among cranberries and bayberry meadows, fires and blankets at night, spend September at Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

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YOUNG WOMAN, 28, University and business college graduate, secretarial, newspaper, and six years' library experience, desires interesting work in south. Literary connection preferred, any acceptable. Money no object. Box 494-B.

PROFESSIONAL MAN of English descent desires light and airy apartment, living room with fire place, small bedroom, bath and kitchen, within a mile or a mile and a half of Fifth Ave. and 42nd Street. Box 495-B.

CULTURED WOMAN, progressive though not young, creative writer (former editor) with extensive literary background, earnestly desires afternoon employment. Manuscript typing a specialty; no stenography. Any legitimate occupation acceptable. Box 496-B.

IS THERE A GIRL in Houston or Galveston who would deign acquaintanceship with a lonesome steelworker? Box 497-B.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 26, jack at all trades, wants to eat while writing novel. Work anywhere, anything. Box 498-B.

YOUNG WOMAN wishes English-dramatics position. B.A., pursuing M.A. History minor. Grades, high school, college experience. Kind, companionable, artistic nature. Excellent references. Jersey Teacher.

PERSONAL LETTERS, four for $1. Enclose stamped envelope. Box 499-B.

WOMAN of thirty with fourteen month daughter, desires permanent resident position. Training and experience in progressive education. Location immaterial. Box 500-B.

HOW MUCH am I offered for Atlantic Monthly, Volumes 1-7 and 35, bound, perfect condition. 30 Washington Street, Middlebury, Vermont.

YOUNG WOMAN, art student, 2 years study magazine illustration in color and black and white, desires any kind of art work. Salary secondary. M. Jensen, 211 Bedford Park Blvd., Bronx, New York.

GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENTS, unfurnished, at 92 Grove Street, opposite Sheridan Square Park, for exclusive clientèle, bachelor men, women. Convenient subways, ample sunshine, through ventilation. Elevator, refrigeration, fireplaces, breezy roof-terrace. 2-3-4 rooms, bath. $35-$90. Apply housekeeper.

PERSONALS

WANTED: Someone to buy small attractive greeting card publishing business. Box 501-B.

GIRL, 18, desiring education in arts and photography wants interested person to lend financial assistance. Box 502-B.

A TORNADO has hit the New Deal! Henry Hogg, the sign-painter who became Coordinator of the ASP, has stood the old-line politicians on their ears and bids fair to become not only a national celebrity but a national threat. They say that a lot of powerful people are beginning to line up behind him. (You can read the story of his meteoric rise in "Washington Jitters.")

BILL McGEE—Recall the Book Orgy at Arbaugh's, December 31, and write to your Irish pal. Important. Carolyn Sullivan.

LICENSED PILOT, also sculptor, hack, will instruct personable young woman in flying in modern airplane exchange for help with art and "literary" efforts, which include advertising. Box 503-B.

EXILED to intellectual drouth area by tubercle bacillus. Would anyone write the poor gal before she forgets how to read English. Box 504-B.

"A FRIEND IN NEED"—Such a friend have I. Optimistic, courageous, calm and poised, with a vital, eager quality in her living I envy, this charming, cultured and versatile woman finds herself at forty trapped by circumstances and an over-developed sense of duty to a mercenary, selfish and exacting relative. Left to her own devices she will never extricate herself from her present situation, hence my intervention. There must be, among the readers of this column, some one capable of appreciating her beautiful character and person, as lonely and as much in need of companionship, loyalty, tenderness and understanding, as she. Will that someone please write Box 505-B.

CLASSIFIED

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Trade Winds

MR. BUMP GOES TO EUROPE

BY BENNETT A. CERF

PUBLISHERS have been telling each other for so many years that there isn't an honest penny to be made in the publishing business that they have begun actually to believe themselves. One of their favorite rallying places is the famous Oak Room at the Plaza, where women aren't allowed to enter, and authors and booksellers can't afford to. Here the philanthropic publishers, martyrs to their art, snatch a bit of lunch at about three dollars a bite, and convince each other that they were suckers not to have tackled advertising or Wall Street.

Tony Bump is one of the Plaza "regulars," so I knew where to find him when I wanted to ask him about his trip to Europe. Bump is one of the most articulate of all New York publishers and can explain to his own and everybody else's satisfaction exactly why the business is a hopeless one. In the past year poor Bump has only squeezed in one trip apiece to California, the West Indies, and Europe. Could he explain how he managed all these trips? He could! And did!

The Plaza was mighty crowded that day. Max Schuster and Dick Simon were talking with a gentleman who, I gathered, was an archeologist just returned from Egypt with some petrified objects. Alfred Knopf was telling Caesar, the head-waiter, what was wrong with the Plaza wine-cellar. Bob de Graff and Marshall Best, both in golf costume, were rushing through a snack of roast beef hash. Alfred Harcourt was reading the stock quotations. And Harry Hansen was waxing eloquent on the slightly surprising subject of the sex life of the swan.

Above the clatter, Bump obligingly convinced me anew that the publishing business didn't have enough outlets, that those we did have were making outrageous demands, that authors were thinking only of Hollywood, that agents had run advances up to ludicrous figures, and that Sears, Roebuck and Ford handled these things much better.

"But these trips of yours?" I began doubtfully. "How do you afford them?"

"You don't think I take those trips for *pleasure!*" demanded Bump angrily. "They're *necessary* for the business. I really hate them. Take that trip to the Coast for instance. Think that was any fun? Sleeper jumps and hand shakes for four solid weeks. But those Western booksellers got a chance at least to meet the real boss of a New York house for the first time in I don't know how long. And now, when they want to send back books without permission, they don't have to bother our salesmen at all. They just address the books to me personally. Oh, it was a great break for our firm, I'm telling you!"

"O. K." I said. "We'll forget the California trip for the moment. It's this annual jaunt to Europe that intrigues me. What does it get you? How much does it cost? And who pays for it?"

"Who pays for it?" echoed Bump in amazement. "Why the business, of course! Somebody from our firm simply has to show his face around London every Spring and I'm just the goat, I suppose!"

Bump is a reasonably honest and straightforward guy, and still has a little of his sense of humor left, so before another hour had passed, we really got down to cases on this annual trip to Europe business, and I'm setting down the facts for you here to show any of you who may have been just as skeptical about it as I was, that it's something the publishing business simply has to stand for, and consider part of the overhead.

Bump always plans a very cheap trip, on small boats, with a tiny service flat in London. This year, to be sure, he went on the *Normandie*, and came back on the *Queen Mary* ("Gee, I was tempted to try that dirigible!" he exclaimed boyishly), and the tiny service flat turned out to be a suite overlooking the Embankment at the Savoy for three guineas a day. He was away seven weeks in all, and it set his firm back exactly $2600.00.

He entertained seven authors already under contract to his firm, insulted four of them by admitting that he hadn't read the manuscripts of their new books on the Fall list, and fell sound asleep while a fifth was telling him the plot of his next novel (about the depressed area around Manchester).

He visited eighteen London publishers, all of whom he knew perfectly well before he went over, and who would have mailed over as a matter of course any books they had that they thought might interest him.

He met six agents who sent around thirty-four manuscripts, three of which he read, and all of which he turned down. These agents were valuable contacts, though, he explained, and when they left they all shook hands cordially and said "well, it's fine knowing you, and understanding just what you want! We realize now that it's just a waste of time sending junk to you, but when the really important things come along . . ." and then went off and forgot all about him.

He increased the advance of one of his English authors from five hundred dollars to a thousand, gave up the Canadian rights to another, and reduced the price on some sheets he had sold by letter from forty cents to a shilling.

He ate lamb cutlets and unbuttered potatoes at six clubs, at all of which he was forbidden to smoke a pipe in the dining room, though no ladies were within a mile of the premises.

He lunched with Noel Coward, saw lots of English shows (including "Boy Meets Girl" and "Three Men on a Horse"), took in the English-Indian cricket match, spent Whitsun weekend with a dozen friends from New York, loaned two hundred dollars to a girl who said she had skiid out of Germany over the hills to Czecho-Slovakia in the dead of night, and who disappeared from the hotel three days later without paying her board bill, flew to Berlin to visit a girl he knew there, and rushed to Paris to see the strike excitement, though he was somewhat at a loss to explain just what these activities had to do with his business.

Finally, sick with the realization that he was coming home empty-handed, he had bought two books the very day before he sailed, and spent the whole way back wondering how the hell he was going to sell five hundred copies of either of them. He told the reporters at Quarantine that he had signed up four tremendously important authors, none of whom, by oddest chance, anybody had ever heard of, and knocked them goggle-eyed with the information that the Nazis had kicked all the real writers out of Germany. They took his picture but didn't print it, and then his three partners waited on the dock for an hour and a half while he tried to locate a case of Scotch he had bought on board for two dollars less than it sold at the liquor shop next door to his office.

"Did you get around to that International Publishers' Conference?" I asked.

"Good God, no!" cried Bump. "You know how I hate those things. Never go near the conventions home if I can help it!"

"I seem to remember that we had some fun that year up in Boston," I said.

Bump brightened. "Remember when we sneaked into the Doubleday room and called up long distance Meridian 1212 to ask what time it was?"

"Yeah. And when we scaled those Coward-McCann catalogues out of the Statler window and beaned a fat man with one of them!"

"That was no fat man. That was Adolph Kroch!"

Bump was getting very mellow. We were on our third round of double martinis. "Yeah, there's a lot of fun in this publishing business," he mused. "But mind you, not a nickel, not a *penny* in it. I'm a sucker not to sell out and join the parade to Hollywood. If I didn't have that block of Chrysler that averages me forty-six. . . ."

"But say," he concluded, "Why don't you plan to come over with me next Spring? Your list is beginning to spread out now, and maybe you could sign up some darn good reprints over there. With the contacts I made this year, we could have one swell time together!"

—*The editors of* The Saturday Review *hope to publish further chronicles of the adventures of Mr. Bump from the sprightly pen of his fellow-publisher, Bennett A. Cerf.*

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